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LEGENDS OF LAMPIDOSA.

From the European Magazine, October 1817.

THE ENGLISHWOMAN.

ABOUT that period of the seventeenth century when the republican enemies of King Charles, even in the opinion of their most active leader, had medicined the Parliament till they had brought it into a consumption, and reformed the nation "as a man wipeth a dish and turneth it upside down," Sir Bevil De Grey retired in disgust to his mansion near Worcester. He was a man whose faults would have been very few if his Christian neighbours had judged as mercifully as the recording angel of Mahomet, who is said to register no errors committed when a Turk is intoxicated, in a passion, or not arrived at years of discretion. Though he had now lived half a century, he was very far from those years,—having a high respect for drinking, as a part of old English hospitality; and for fits of passion, because, as he said, a hail-storm is better than a fog. The churlish Puritans of those days saw nothing to alarm them in the eccentricities of an old cavalier, whose attachment to the ancient order of things shewed itself chiefly in a superstitious fondness for half-forgotten ceremonies. He kept a falconer, a buffoon, and a decrepit Welsh musician, who understood all the songs of his ancestor Thaliessin, and especially his custom of pouring mead "into the long blue horn of ancient silver." Like passionate men in general, Sir Bevil was capable of abundant kindness, as the heavy dew in hot climates atones for the sun's excess. He had a niece, to whom, in defiance of the plain names which then prevailed, he had given the poetical one of Amaranth, promising to add his whole estate at his death. She grew up well resembling the aromatic and unfading flower whose appellation she bore. There was in her thoughts, her countenance, and her voice, such an equal and combining sweetness, that it tinctured whatever came within her influence. She was the sole conductress of her uncle's household, and her presence always ensured that comfort for which other languages have no name, though it implies the most tranquil kind of happiness. But his seclusion and the modesty of her nature allowed her few recreations except her embroidery frame, her virginals, and the gardens of Bevil Lodge, until her twenty-first birth-day, when her uncle declared his intention to distinguish it by a revival of the ancient English maygames and pastime of riding the ring. For this purpose a large square* was staked and fenced with ropes, having also two bars

* See Strutt's Antiquities.

at the lower end, through which the actors passed and repassed. Six young men entered first, clothed in leathern jerkins, with woodmen's axes upon their shoulders and large garlands of ivy-leaves and sprigs of hawthorn. Then followed six village girls, dressed in blue kirtles with primrose-wreaths, leading a fine sleek cow, decorated by ribbons of various colours intertwined with flowers, and the horns tipped with gold. These were succeeded by six foresters in green tunics, hoods, and hose; each carrying a bugle-horn attached to a silk baldrick, which he sounded as he passed the frontier. Sir Bevil's chief falconer personified Robin Hood, and came next, attired in a bright grass-green vest fringed with gold, his hood and hose of parti-coloured blue and white. He had a large garland of rose-buds on his head, a bow bent in his hand, and a sheaf of arrows at his girdle, with a rich blue baldrick to support his bugle-horn and gilt dagger. Ten attendants followed him in green garments, with bows and arrows. Two maidens strewed flowers before Amaranth herself, who obeyed her uncle's absolute command by appearing as princess of the revels in an antique watchet-coloured tunic reaching to the ground, over which she wore a white linen surcoat with loose sleeves, fringed with silver, and very neatly plaited: her girdle of silver brocade formed a double bow on the left side, and her long flaxen hair, divided into many ringlets, flowed over her shoulders, covered on the top of her head by a network caul of gold, adorned with a wreath of violets. Two other village-maidens, in sky-coloured rockets or surcoats girdled with crimson, in the fashion of Henry the Sixth's reign, and crowned with violets and cowslips, followed the young heiress. Then entered the may-pole, drawn by eight fine oxen, loaded with scarfs, ribbons, and flowers, round their gilded horns; while the hobby-horse and the dragon closed the procession. Horns sounded, the spectators shouted, the woodmen and village-girls danced round it, and the chief minstrel played on his bagpipes accompanied by the pipe and tabor. Sir Bevil's jester performed the hobby-horse with great skill in ambling, trotting, galloping, and frisk-

ing. The ranger, in the shape of a dragon, yelled and shook his wings admirably; but the most exquisite sport proceeded from a light slender boy, with small bells attached to his knees and ancles, who capered between the two monsters, throwing meal sily into the gazers' faces, and rapping their heads with a bladder tied to his staff. This actor used these privileges of the may-game with so much activity, that Sir Bevil was not surprised when he appeared at the trial of archery which ended the pageant, and proved himself the most successful marksman. The good old Baronet beckoned him with his own hand to receive the crown of laurel and ribbons from Amaranth, and waited with some curiosity, while he untied his mask and beard of wire, to see by whom the character of "Much the Miller" had been so well performed. But joy, triumph, and other sensations, had called such new expression into the stripling's face, that Sir Bevil hardly recollected his idiot entertainer, Deaf Archibald, whom he had cherished many years in his household as a successor to his established fool. Nobody knew any thing of Archibald, except that he had wandered alone to Sir Bevil's domain in the utmost misery of neglected childhood, half-naked, half-famished, and with even more stupidity than deafness usually creates. Notwithstanding his deplorable tatters, the frightful vacancy of his large hazel eyes, and the idiot grin which widened his elf-like face, he gained an advocate in Amaranth, who humbly entreated her uncle to allow him bread and shelter in his kitchen. There the poor boy found willing patrons among the domestics, and his fantastic gestures, joined to some good-nature, introduced him to Sir Bevil's notice. Amaranth formed a language suited to his capacity, and by very slow degrees, and most patient kindness, taught him to read and write. Though impenetrably deaf, he comprehended her least whisper; and about his sixteenth year, had begun to imitate the exercises of his rustic companions with a kind of mechanical instinct when the birth-day of his benefactress was celebrated. At the may-games he was unanimously chosen to represent the farcical personage called "Much the Miller," and his ingenious mimicries excelled expectation; but

when Amaranth placed the prize-garland who had disappeared also. But the on his head, his vacant countenance was suddenly and strongly convulsed, he gasped for breath, and burst into tears. From that moment sensibility and reason seemed to have awakened together. Sir Bevil mistook the first blush of conscious pride for the common shame of stupid ignorance, and, laughing, promised to admit him among the riders at the ring. A long thick rope was stretched across the square, supported by stakes placed parallel, and a strong pole erected about four yards high. From it hung a ring, or small circle of brass, with two small springs affixed to the top, and thrust into a brazen socket, which gave way when the point of the lance entered the ring, and allowed it to be drawn out without damage. Two of Sir Bevil's serving-men, equipped as heralds, in tabards richly embroidered with silver and gold, first entered the lists with trumpets, followed by five seeming knights in tilting habits of silver brocade, scarlet mantles, and striped sattin bonnets, attended by as many bare-headed squires in one livery of blue velvet and orange-tawny sattin. All rode well-mounted before the pavilion where Sir Bevil and his niece were seated, and asked permission to ride three courses at the ring. Archibald stood silently beneath it, viewing these mock candidates with a countenance in which the light of sudden intellect seemed struggling with confused and gloomy feelings. He cast a glance of shame and anger at his own dress, and retired among the crowd. But when the successful competitor struck his lance into the ring, and advanced to receive the usual recompense of an ivy wreath from Amaranth, an uplifted hand was suddenly seen, and Sir Bevil, hastily leaning forward, received a pistol-shot in his breast. No one doubted that it had been levelled at the lancer, but cries of indignation and grief from the crowd shewed their devotion to their patron. In the first moment of astonishment, none remembered to close the entrance of the square; and till Sir Bevil's body had been conveyed into his hall, scarcely any perceived that the five masked lancers and their attendants had disappeared. Their flight fixed upon them the suspicion which had begun to rest on Archibald, who had all grown grey in her uncle's service, search was strict, and the crowd, whose first occupation had been so mirthful, were soon dispersed to alarm the neighbourhood. Silent dismay prevailed in the lodge itself, where the Chaplain, his patron's confidential inmate, endeavoured to secure caution among the household. Many of the elders understood his fears that some political enmity or stratagem was hidden under this seeming accident. All agreed in lamenting that a cherished whim had tempted their good master to hazard an exhibition which, however harmless and unconnected with royal pageantry, might give umbrage to the jealous republicans in power. In the dead of that fatal night, a party of the searchers returned, bringing with them the blue velvet doublet worn by one of the pretended squires at the may-game. They had found it in a lonely thicket, and traces of blood among the withered leaves had induced them to dig under some earth slightly heaped together. It covered the body of a man whose cap and under-coat bore the badge of Cromwell's party, though remnants of a silk baldrick and blue hose proved that he had been one of the May-day lancers. Conscious of the danger which might involve themselves if this man's blood was found upon them, the yeomen had closed up his grave, and returned to Bevil Lodge with only his blue doublet carefully concealed in a sack. The Chaplain undertook to preserve it, and, when he had dismissed Sir Bevil's honest tenants, placed it in the most secret repository of the Lodge, for amongst the folds he had perceived traces of fingers dipped in meal which had adhered to the blue velvet; and he guessed, but dared not ask himself to believe, that the wearer's death had been caused by Archibald, perhaps in vengeance for Sir Bevil's. Few, except the Chaplain, expected the fortitude shewn by Amaranth on this disastrous occasion. But as iron may be found in honey, and both oil and iron in water, he was not surprised to discover the softness, suavity, and strength, united in her character. She received the counsels of the good pastor, and enforced his orders with a quiet and sober firmness which excited emulation among her servants. They had all grown grey in her uncle's service,

and they deserved to be entrusted with her safety. It was soon whispered amongst them that Sir Bevil still lived, and was allowed by his family-surgeon to hope for some months' existence, if not for recovery. But no one entered his apartment except that surgeon, the chaplain, and his neice, whose skilful assiduity was admirable. Archibald's name was never mentioned in her presence, and in her cares for the invalid all remembrance of the fugitive seemed to be absorbed. But the chaplain, who had seen the gradual unfoldings of his character, thought of the unhappy young man with fatherly tenderness, and of his probable fate with deep regret. Fearful to preserve an evidence against him, yet unwilling to break the clue of justice, he stood by his hearth alone at midnight, holding the ill-fated doublet in his hand over the flame to which he had half-determined to consign it, when the gate-bell rung loudly. Sir Bevil's mansion had no moat, no garrison, no means of resistance; and while the frightened servants gathered together to warn him that armed horsemen stood round the walls, the old man, defended only by his white hairs and the surplice which he hastily put on, stationed himself opposite the door, and seeing it burst open by the assailants, advanced to meet their leader. He was a young man in the uniform of a Cromwellian lieutenant; and when he saw only an aged priest and a few trembling servants, he ordered his soldiers to file peaceably into the hall. Then shewing the Protector's order, he demanded the person of Sir Bevil De Grey, which he was instructed to convey in safe custody to London, where a trial awaited him for outraging the Commonwealth by a profane pageant, and by causing one of its soldiers to be massacred. At this last intimation the chaplain trembled, as he remembered that he had left the soldier's tunic half-consumed upon his hearth. But he walked upstairs with a steady step, followed by the young commander alone, till he reached the first corridor near Sir Bevil's chamber. There he paused, and was going to speak, when Amaranth came forward to meet them. Her calm air, her beauty, and the gentle sound of her voice, touched the commissioner with respectful pity—

"Sir," she said, "my uncle's sick-bed never had any other attendant except myself, and many hours have passed since he lost all hope of life. The Protector will not think it amiss that he should die under his own roof in your custody. Permit me to consider you my honourable guest this night, and to-morrow, if you desire it, I will accompany my uncle's body to London."—"If he is dying," said the Lieutenant, in an agitated voice—"If," added the Chaplain, "if the living expect honour, they will shew it to the dying—we are all your hostages."

Cromwell's officer looked earnestly on the silver hairs of the chaplain, still more earnestly on Amaranth, and was awed by the holiness of age and of innocence. He bowed and stepped back with that compassionate kindness which few men are unwilling to shew if they are told that they possess it. But he declined either refreshment or repose; and directing his sergeant to place vigilant guards below and round the mansion, he announced that the gallery before Sir Bevil's chamber-door would be his own station during the night. Amaranth retired submissively into that chamber, followed by the chaplain, but not by the young lieutenant, to whom she offered the key with a grace which forbade him to accept it. He only laid it on the ground at her feet, and placed his sword upon it, signifying that her confidence was guarded by his honour.

When Amaranth found herself alone with the chaplain near her uncle's bed, her glance informed him what was most necessary. He was going to raise the trap door which lay concealed near the hearth, when it slid from beneath his hand, and Archibald presented himself—Archibald, no longer gazing with the sullen indifference of idiotism, but pale as death, with fierce eyes, and two pistols clenched in his hands. "Shall I kill him?" he said, in a stifled voice, with a look towards the door which needed no words to explain it. Amaranth forbade him by one of those gestures so full of eloquence; and he, resigning his weapons to the chaplain, held her in a long and passionate embrace. But suddenly pointing to the curtained couch, she whispered—"He must go to-night, and

instantly!—lead the way.”—“Let the chaplain shew it,” replied Archibald—“I must stay here to guard you.”—“He will need you both,” she answered; “I need but *One*.”—“May the blessing of that Almighty One rest here!” said the Chaplain, laying his hands on Archibald and Amaranth as they still clung together. The occupier of the couch stepped from it, covered completely by a large dark cloak, and followed his two guides down a secret passage, leaving Amaranth with no living companion.

When day-light had begun, the door of Sir Bevil’s chamber was opened by his chaplain to Cromwell’s commissioner. “Enter, Sir,” said Amaranth, with a countenance terribly pale and calm—“your prisoner is ready to attend you.” The lieutenant looked between the curtains of the bed, and saw Sir Bevil in his shroud. He drew back shuddering, cast his eyes on a couch which stood near, and exclaimed, “You have deceived me—this room has had another inhabitant, or I should have been admitted sooner to witness this—Many days may have past since Sir Bevil’s death, and some secret reason has caused its concealment.”—Archibald sprang from beneath the couch—“There is no longer any concealment—I was the living prisoner in this room—I am her brother, and the punisher of that vile soldier who destroyed our uncle.”

Perceiving the confused astonishment of the Lieutenant and Amaranth’s speechless agony, the Chaplain attempted the dangerous task of explanation.—“This young man,” said he, “is the natural son of a proscribed and unfortunate father, who perished on the scaffold. Even his uncle did not know him. I feared Sir Bevil’s eccentricities, and trusted only his sister with the secret. Her kindness rescued him from idiotism—her courage has sheltered his life—if your duty requires you to sacrifice it, remember I am her accomplice.”

The republican officer was confounded by a scene so new and beautiful. He looked at the sister lying senseless in the arms of her brother, whose life seemed her’s, and at the aged chaplain, who loved them as a father. Tears, perhaps the first he had ever shed, escaped from his eyes as he gave his hand to Archibald.

Words were not necessary to tell that he intended to befriend them. He easily conceived into how much peril the young man had plunged himself by sacrificing his uncle’s assassin; and supposed it a sufficient reason for his mysterious concealment in this chamber, where he never suspected that another fugitive had been hidden. It was agreed that Archibald should remain secreted, while the Lieutenant returned to certify Sir Bevil’s death to Cromwell. For that purpose he departed instantly, but before his arrival in London the Protector had expired, and in the confusion which followed, Amaranth’s inheritance escaped confiscation. When Charles the Second made his first public tour through England, she still lived in Bevil Lodge with her venerable chaplain. Charles supped at her table; and while he pledged her in a full bowl of wine, said, with his usual gallant gaiety—“I wear this suit of forest-green, madam, to remind you of the May-day when I first appeared in it. No one knew, except yourself, that your good uncle devised the pageant to favour my secret visit here. I hope you have preserved your white tunic and watchet-coloured mantle to be worn as a bridal-dress when I give you away in marriage.” Amaranth replied, that she “should always keep with honour what she had worn on a day of good fortune to England.”—“And this,” added the graceful Monarch, “ought to be a fortunate day for one of my subjects. The Lieutenant who would not leave old Oliver without a just cause, will not leave Charles for a bad one. I was not his King when he was my enemy; and now I am his King, I am bound to be his friend. I have appointed him my ambassador to the court of Spain, and promised him the noblest woman in England.”—The sovereign’s will was obeyed, and his nuptial gift was a gold box containing a wreath resembling the violet crown she had worn on May-day, but composed of precious stones; and the patent of her brother’s peerage, as a recompense for the faithful escort he gave his King from the death-chamber of Sir Bevil. How wisely and how happily Amaranth performed the duties of a wife and mother, appears best in her own words to her son.

"Be innocent as a dove and wise as a serpent in all affairs that concern your estate and reputation. Be charitable in thought, word, and deed, and think no time well spent which tends not to improve your mind, health, or honour. Remember your father, of whom I can draw no just picture unless God shall bless me with his likeness in yourself. We had but one soul between us, and we so studied each other that we knew our loves and resentments were the same. He used to say I managed his household and servants wholly, yet I always governed myself and them by his commands. His judgment was perfect in every case, except when he judged his enemies, whom he never punished; and his memory perfect in retaining every thing but injuries."

This happy and virtuous pair were buried in one grave in Ware Church, and their honourable epitaph was—"He was a brave Englishman, and his wife an *Englishwoman*."

* * * * *

"Really," said the Secretary of the

Eunomian Society, when he had finished his task of reading aloud—"the seven heroines of these legends seem to represent the characters of women in their seven ages—the first loves, the second reasons, the third exhibits, the fourth manages, the fifth cheats, the sixth scolds, and the seventh gives advice. I suppose the hive of females from whence they came resembles their own composition—But, brother Bertram, where is your promised explanation of the means by which you obtained them?"—"You will find it," I replied, "in this supplement to the last.—My modern Englishwoman resembles Sir Bevil's heiress only in having a short tunic, a great many flowers on her head, and a dull brother: but when we have seen all, we seven philosophers may amend our *Eunomia*, or law of happiness, and comfort ourselves by remembering the good primate of Aquitaine's maxim—"The wisest err seven times."—Mr. Philowhim sighed, and began the short modern supplement which concluded his labours.

V.

From the Sporting Magazine, September 1817.

SINGULARITY IN THE BEAR OF GREENLAND.

BEFORE we enter on the more immediate and professed part of this subject, it may be worth while, as connected with natural philosophy, briefly to notice a country, which, from the intense severity of its climate, is apparently more remote; and so situated, as to bid defiance to the insatiable curiosity of man. Notwithstanding the many attempts which have been made to ascertain the whole of Greenland, its formation and extent are so little known, as to constitute a continual subject of debate, with all who speculate in geographical definitions. Some contend that the tract of coast is here so extensive, as to form a connection between Europe and America; with others, a doubt is entertained as to which of them it was an appendage; whilst a third opinion represents it as insulated, as mostly a '*terra incognita*,' and as only of nominal consequence in our terrene system. Nor does the late report of a Bremen Captain, as quoted

in our provincial prints, tend in the least to clear up the point, though his and other ships have, without obstruction or impediment, (such as here retarded all former navigators, specially commissioned to explore,) penetrated this last summer, to an extraordinary and unprecedented distance towards the confines of the North Pole. Of the continuance of the Greenland coast, however, beyond a certain point northward, we are as uncertain as we were before; important as is the fact, that ice has this season disappeared to so unheard-of an extent, in what is denominated the Frozen Ocean of the North. This, though a peculiarity worthy of insertion in the annals of the world, may yet prove but of a temporary nature, and may hereafter serve only to excite wonder, why farther exploring to the north was not effected, when alone possibly it might have been in the power of man so to do. That Greenland is partially inhabited, has been repeatedly as-

certained, though to a European constitution the rigour of its climate, during the winter, is insurmountable. The inhabitants, an abject race, whose intellectual powers are hebetated, nor would it be extravagant to say, apparently congealed, seldom extend their ideas beyond their own sphere. Next to the more immediate satisfaction of hunger, their mental energies are called forth chiefly to the best mode of obviating the effects of a climate, where, even to them, as natives, existence is at times a burthen. As the *ne plus ultra* possibly of accommodation in their long winters' night, they have, like the inhabitants of Kamschatka, availed themselves of the expedient of living under ground, subsisting, as they occupy the coast chiefly, on the flesh of seals, and a variety of fish; the former procured by means of harpooning, the latter preserved, some by drying, and others by freezing, for their winter stock. Of their improvident infatuation and inactivity, no further proof is wanted than is found in the scanty provision they generally make against this calamitous season; as, prior to the return of summer, they have been repeatedly reduced almost to a starving extremity. To dwell no longer on this abject and suffering state of humanity, which, however improveable by the greater exertions of the natives themselves, cannot but call forth our commiseration; it may be amusing to contemplate some of those truly interesting events, which have been ascertained as at times signalizing these hyperborean regions, where Spring and Autumn are in a manner denied admission; where Summer, though at times bringing intense heat, appears, only to withdraw; and where Winter, seated on his icy throne, reigns for the greater part of the year, with absolute and indisputable authority. Here, at the commencement of summer more especially, but by what powerful means effected will probably ever remain inexplicable, stupendous large fragments are occasionally detached from mountainous 'glaciers,' which, like Alps on Alps, have been accumulating for ages, incrusting, as it were, a tremendous high coast in all the fantastic forms the wildest imagination can depict. By the sudden precipitation of these colossal masses into the sea, of great depth, close in with the

shore, such undulations are caused, as rip up the yet frozen plain, and contribute to those drifting sheets, or fields of ice, such a terror to early shipping, and which, from the danger with which they are pregnant, have restricted the commencement of the whale fishery to a comparatively late stated period. Emerging after having ascertained the bottom, and gradually settling to the proportion of two thirds under and one above water, these 'floating mountains,' by whatever agitated, move about slowly and majestically. Most of them become, after a time, surrounded by ice and other obstacles, which eventually cause their detention in these northern regions; whilst some few, actuated by stronger currents, and partial winds, carry all before them, and at length open a passage for their progress down the vast Atlantic Ocean. Nor without attendants do these cumbersome bodies effect their release from the country in which they originally accumulated. From the period of their separation from the parent coast, multitudes of seals, and at times sea-calves, play round them, attracting the white sea bear, as some call it, the largest, the most grim, and ghastly of the species, who commonly takes a place as a passenger on this rude vehicle, little thinking, voluptuously as he fares for the present, what a reverse he has to encounter on the voyage. Disengaged from all entanglement, by reason of the drifting ice, and now perfectly free, each enormous mass moves onward, according to prevailing winds and currents, and although so much under water, yet from its height is discernible far and wide, generally till within a few leagues of the American continent. Here feeling a turn in the current, it takes another direction, assuming a southern course, parallel with the extensive range of the Labrador coast, according as this is indented by a succession of bays, capes, and the occasional intervention of large mouths of rivers. It would be folly to listen to all the extravagant surmises which have been made, as to what becomes of these 'floating mountains,' after passing this line of coast. Their invariable inclination to the southward, when opposite Nova Scotia, has given rise to many and strange reports. Of two, one says, that from their exposure to intense

heat, their dissolution, commenced long before approaching, is completed shortly after their passing, the equator; the other, without actual proof, yet with much pertinacity, asserts that they have been repeatedly seen, in bulk unimpaired, off the coast of Brazil, adding the probability of their accomplishing the whole extent of South America; and further, of their becoming in event, to speak chemically, amalgamated with the Frozen Ocean under the south pole. Monstrous as all this at first appears, yet, with the admission of their having been actually seen off the Brazil coast, their passing the whole extent of South America and thus reaching the Pacific Ocean is manifestly within the pale of possibility. These floating mountains have been frequently noticed from various parts of the coast of Labrador, and the writer was entertained with the sight of one of stupendous girth off that of Newfoundland. This, added to their subsequent invariably southern direction, seems to give some colouring to part of the second report.

Leaving, however, these floating masses of ice to be disposed of according to conjecture, since nothing respecting them can be determined with certainty, it may be interesting, as the professed part of the present subject to the sporting reader, to return and take a view of 'Bruin,' at the period of his passage, when, after faring sumptuously, the tables are turned against him, and he feels the pinching gripe of hunger. As he quits the North, the seals, &c. gradually leave the float, till not a vestige is left of the means of his subsistence. In this condition he is at first induced to quicken his pace as he explores around him. Disappointed in repeated search for food, at length he disembarks; swims round and round the floating mass—impatient, again he mounts its slippery sides, peeps into every chasm and crevice, the former retreat of the seals, and wandering till weary, he lies down, when sleep affords him some temporary relief. Waking again, and casting a rueful look around him, moreover feeling still more keenly the importunate internal craving, he repeats the scrutinizing survey; and now he mounts the highest crag of the irregular mass,—now diving, he explores its deepest base—all in vain. Returned to his usual haunt, and stung as it were

to madness, at length the monster raves, making the welkin resound far and wide around him; and now, should any boat, or even vessel, come within reach of him, as is sometimes the case, the courage of the whole crew would be necessary against a creature of astonishing powers, at all times savage, and goaded on by such extremity, as renders him inexpressibly formidable. A particular friend of the writer, high in office under government at the time, on his return from wild fowl shooting on the North American coast, encountered one of these animals precisely in this state of irritation. From the mountain of ice which appeared in the offing, several observations had been made as to the probability of an attack by the party respectively, when they spied the creature making for them with all his might. On reaching the wake of the boat, and growling terribly, he was saluted by the spirited crew with three cheers. Trusting to their ponderous pieces, and large shot, they even welcomed his appearance, though, as will be seen in the sequel, his hardihood and fury were alike calculated to instil terror. Arrived within a few yards of the boat, he received a tremendous fire, which he regarded no more than if an infant had thrown peas at him. Persevering, and placing his fore paws on the stern, a shot, carrying off the skin and part of the flesh of the neck, caused him to retire for the moment. Renewing the attack, and endeavouring to place his paws as before, a dextrous manœuvre of the steersman suddenly altered the course of the boat, and frustrated the attempt, when again his head and shoulders were saluted with repeated heavy discharges. This only served to make him grin, and exhibit a row of teeth horrible to behold; springing forward with an amazing effort, and getting alongside, he now put his fore paws on the gunwale, when one of the party snatched up a hatchet, and with a well-aimed blow, cut off two claws of one paw. This, added to two other discharges, one on the throat, and the other on the chest, caused him to retire, followed by a hearty cheer of three times three. Notwithstanding the rough reception he had experienced, evinced by the blood trickling from various places on the head, neck, and shoulders, incredible as it may ap-

pear, this monster was seen swimming out to sea lustily, but not in the direction with the 'float,' just as the boat entered the harbour, whence she had sailed the preceding morning.

The appearance of these floating mountains off the American coast is attended to, neither from curiosity or any other motive, than as their being the probable bearers of these formidable animals, many of which have with difficulty been driven off by the confederacy of a whole district; but not one was ever killed, according to enquiries made by the writer, during a long tract, though musket ball had often been used with effect in the persecution of them. As to

what eventually becomes of these *Ursine Adventurers*, if I may so call them, it is probable that most of them perish with hunger. If, however, any credit can attach to the report already stated, that these floating masses of ice become again incorporated under the polar regions of the South, these animals on their approach thereto, allowing the possibility of their holding out so long by casual support, must meet a plentiful supply, as circumnavigators agree in representing the produce of those seas, and indeed the view there of all around them, as precisely similar to those diametrically opposite in the northern hemisphere. P.

THE CRANIAD !

OR, SPURZHEIM ILLUSTRATED. A POEM, IN TWO PARTS. 12mo.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

A Versification, by two joint bards, of "The Physiognomical System of Drs. Gall and Spurzheim." The authors of "The Craniad" have added illustrations, and advanced arguments of their own, which, *perhaps*, may tend to corroborate the opinions of the above-mentioned Craniologists, by placing many of their aphorisms in a stronger light than they have hitherto appeared in, and confirming many of their conclusions.

Of this Serio-comic Philosophic Poem the reader may form some opinion from a single quotation :

"Man is a microcosm,—a little earth !*
And turns revolving from his very birth ;

* "In general, man participating in the nature of all other beings—of minerals, plants, and animals, and being therefore, as some would have it, a microcosm, must possess all the properties common to him and to other beings." *Spurz.* p. 448.—"Thus as the body of man consists of matter, it is subjected to all the laws of matter. It is attracted towards the centre of the earth, and if it be not supported, falls as inanimate bodies do." *Ibid.*—"The activity of our faculties varies according to the modifications of the organization, in the same way that the milk and butter of cows vary according to the food they live on; or as the flesh and fat of animals are modified according to the food by means of which they are fattened. The activity of men fed on *game* differs much from that of those who live on *potatoes* and vegetables; and it seems possible to shew the greater influence of different aliments upon certain systems in the healthy state, just as we may shew that some medicaments act more upon one system than upon another.

3E ATHENEUM. Vol. 2.

Hence, endless revolutions in the mind,
And in the feelings of the human kind;
Hence revolutions in whole nations too,—
What will man's innate faculties not do !
There's not a plant nor mineral to be found
But doth with human properties abound;
Meadows are mow'd—and hay made in the sun,
And piled in hay-stacks when hay-making's
done;
And are not fields of men mow'd down in fight,
By sweeping scythes of warriors, sharp and
bright,—
Then piled in earth,—where earth-worms hold
their sway,
To feed the reptile tenants of the clay ?
Men too obey attraction,—and, like stones
Fall sometimes from house-tops and break
their bones;

By the same reason we may also conceive why certain rules of *fasting* are useful in order to subdue the sensual appetites.' *Ibid.* p. 458, 459.—We humbly beg leave to observe (with due respect to the Doctor) that we think the circumstance of those who are *fed on game*, being *hunters*, may contribute somewhat to their activity—nor, are we quite sure, that many individuals fed all their lives on *potatoes* are not very active.—'Innateness of the special faculties of the mind.' Analogy. 'The first proof may be drawn from analogy. By examining Nature we perceive that every kind of earth, every salt, every metal, has its determinate qualities, by which we are enabled to distinguish one species from another; thus the figure of crystallization, the weight, affinity, and other physical and chemical properties, are determinate and permanent. It is the same with plants; their general laws are fixed, and every plant has its own character. A pear-tree never bears apples, nor an apple-tree pears; we never gather figs from a vine, nor grapes from a thorn-bush. *Ibid.* p. 471, 472.'

Stone-masons, when their scaffolding gives way,
Fall, with the stones about them, just like
clay ;

Men, from a scaffold, often too are found

To drop,—although they may not reach the
ground ;

And some great Lords, who lord it over all,
Unless they're well supported, sometimes fall.*

If you supply peach-trees with too much meat,†
Their fruit no longer proves so nice a treat ;

Large cracks, and fissures most unsightly, mark,
With oozing gum, the rough distended bark ;

Thus, men who daily feast on choicest food,

Men who are always in the feasting mood,

* "And he fell, and he fell,
To the regions of Hell,"—*Rej. Addresses.*

† "If too much food be given to a peach tree, its
bark bursts, grows rough, and secretes gum ; and in
the same manner, a person who lives on high and
stimulating food, has a red countenance, pimples, boils,
and various eruptions on the skin."—*Spurz.* p. 449.
—"Old men have grey beards ; their eyes purging
thick amber and plum-tree gum." *Shakspeare.*

Large Justice Greedies, who will gormandize
At city feasts, till they can barely rise !

Or drink strong wines, till off their seats they
fall

Flat on the floor,—and cannot rise at all ! !

Such men get burning noses,—blazing cheeks,‡

And foreheads mark'd with deep vermilion
streaks ;

And tongues so scorching hot, they'd make a
toast ;

So hot, they'll sometimes sober mortals roast ;

They look as though they'd been in all the
wars,—

Were knighted§ for their zeal—and wore
their stars ||."

‡ "Diseased Nature oftentimes breaks forth
In strange eruptions." *Shakspeare.*

§ "Thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the lantern
in the poop,—but 'tis in the nose of thee ; thou art the
knight of the burning lamp."—*Henry IV. part 1. act 3.*
scene 2.

|| "Starr'd with pimples o'er." *Dr. Johnson.*

ANIMAL SAGACITY.

From the London Sporting Magazine, July 1817.

CANINE PATHOLOGY. BY DELABERE BLAINE, VETERINARY SURGEON.

THIS new work the ingenious author
has prefaced among other amusing
subjects with a dissertation on the nature,
qualities, and habitudes of the dog, in
which is interspersed a variety of original
anecdotes, tending to exhibit the inbred
fidelity and attachment to man of that
most useful and interesting animal. We
extract the following from the author's
introduction.

"If we commence with *bravery*,
which is one of the most exalted among
the human attributes, where can it be
found in a more eminent degree than as
it exists in the canine species ? The
bull-dog attacks all animals, indiscrimi-
nately, without fear ; and his fortitude is
such, that, until he conquers his enemy,
no sufferings short of extinction can make
him forego his purpose. The smallest
dog, when enraged, heedless of the con-
sequences, will attack one infinitely larger
than himself ; and, in these instances, we
have frequently an opportunity of obser-
ving *bravery* in its noblest form as united
to *mercy* ; for it is seldom that a large
dog so attacked will hurt a small one.
This forbearance arises only from a con-
sciousness of the inferiority of his oppo-
nent ; for, to mark his power to punish,

and his sense of the affront, he is often
observed to lay the little animal prostrate,
put his paw on him, and, looking down,
seem to reproach him with his temerity.
Noble and generous as is the horse, such
instances of *active* forbearance do not ap-
pear in him. Of his passive forbearance,
God knows, we have daily too many
instances.

"An inhuman bricklayer had taken
his dog with him up a scaffold, but on
his return, forgot to carry him down
again : the animal whined his regrets,
which the wretch heard, but he would not
trouble himself to reascend the ladder.
The dog seeing his master about to de-
part, leaped from the height, and broke
his thigh. A severe kick, and some
hearty curses, were the rewards for his
courage and attachment ; but with these,
and his broken bone, the poor animal was
sufficiently happy, since he had rejoined
his master ; and he limped home pained
in body, but easy in mind. Would the
man's nearest relation have dared to do
as much ? Yet this was not foolish temer-
ity ; for dogs are sufficiently careful in
general of leaping from heights."

"Having admired this noble animal as
the prototype of *bravery*, let us next

consider him in a more interesting point of view—as the acknowledged emblem of *fidelity*; and well he merits the honour. His is fidelity without interest; it is not to be corrupted; nor is any bribe, however tempting, sufficient to make him betray a trust reposed in him. In London streets, we every day see carts and waggons watched by these faithful guardians, in the absence of the drivers; and, among the numerous stratagems employed by thieves to draw off the attention of the owners or drivers of these carriages, we never heard of any such attempt being successful while there is a dog at hand. During the still hours of night, this vigilant protector refuses sleep, and is continually on the watch. Common noises alarm him not; but a whisper, a soft footstep, or any unusual sound, he interprets into danger to his master, and he employs all his might to prevent the perpetration of the threatened evil. The half-starved mongrel that follows the dustman's cart, places himself on the cold stones, beside the bell, while his master is collecting the dust, and neither the allurements of food nor the fear of danger can detach him from the trust. The same happens in the fields, where the peasant's cur guards the coat and scanty meal of the labourer.—I remember to have seen a poor meagre dog, seated in the very middle of a wheelbarrow, such as is used by the cat's-meat sellers in London, surrounded with horse-flesh, which he was guarding with perfect fidelity from two-footed and four-footed depredators, seemingly regardless of his own wants, which were but too evident, by his lank and bony appearance. The butcher, profiting by the *fidelity* of his dog, leaves his meat with no other protector; and though the animal's support is derived from the bits and parings that come from this very meat; and though he might, without the present danger, satisfy his appetite; yet he honestly refrains, and waits with patience for what may be gratuitously bestowed.

"I was once called from dinner in a hurry, to attend to something that occurred: unintentionally I left a favourite cat in the room, together with a no less favourite spaniel. When I returned, I found the spaniel, who was not a small

one, extending her whole length along the table, by the side of a leg of mutton which I had left.—On my entrance, she shewed no signs of fear, nor did she immediately alter her position; I was sure, therefore, that none but a good motive had placed her in this extraordinary situation: nor had I long to conjecture. Puss was skulking in a corner; and, though the mutton was untouched, yet her conscious fears clearly evinced that she had been driven from the table in the act of attempting a robbery on the meat, to which she was too prone, and that her situation had been occupied by this faithful spaniel, to prevent a repetition of the attempts. Here was *fidelity* united with intellect, and wholly free from the aid of instinct. This property of guarding victuals from the cat, or from other dogs, was a daily practice of this animal; and, while cooking had been going forward, the floor might have been strewn with edibles: they would have been all safe from her own touch, and as carefully guarded from that of others. A similar property is common to many other dogs, but to spaniels particularly.

"Mr. Dibdin relates the following affecting story on this subject:—"The grandfather of as amiable a man as ever existed, and one of my kindest and most valued friends, had a dog of a most endearing disposition. This gentleman had an occupation which obliged him to go a journey periodically, I believe once a month. His stay was short, and his departure and return were regular, and without variation.—The dog always grew uneasy when first he lost his master, and moped in a corner, but recovered himself gradually as the time for his return approached; which he knew to an hour, nay, to a minute, as I shall prove. When he was convinced that his master was on the road, at no great distance from home, he flew all over the house, and, if the street-door happened to be shut, he would suffer no servant to have any rest till it was opened.—The moment he obtained his freedom away he went, and to a certainty met his benefactor about two miles from town. He played and frolicked about him till he had obtained one of his gloves, with which he ran or rather flew home, entered the house, laid it down in the middle of the room, and

danced round it. When he had sufficiently amused himself in this manner, out of the house he flew, returned to meet his master, and ran before him, or gambolled by his side, till he arrived with him at home. I know not how frequently this was repeated, but it lasted, however, till the old gentleman grew infirm, and incapable of continuing his journies. The dog, by this time, was also grown old, and became at length blind; but this misfortune did not hinder him from fondling his master, whom he knew from every other person, and for whom his affection and solicitude rather increased than diminished. The old gentleman, after a short illness, died. The dog watched the corpse, blind as he was, and did his utmost to prevent the undertaker from screwing up the body in the coffin, and most outrageously opposed its being taken out of the house. Being past hope, he grew disconsolate, lost his flesh, and was evidently verging towards his end. One day he heard a gentleman come into the house, and rose to meet him.—His master being old and infirm, had worn ribbed stockings for warmth. This gentleman had stockings on of the same kind.—The purblind dog thought it was his master, and began to demonstrate the most extravagant pleasure; but, upon further examination, finding his mistake, he retired into a corner, where, in a short time, he expired.

"Innumerable other instances crowd on my recollection, that set the *fidelity* of dogs in the highest point of view; but perhaps the following can hardly be equalled, surely not excelled;

"In the parish of Saint Olave, Tooley Street, Borough, the churchyard is detached from the church, and surrounded with high buildings, so as to be wholly inaccessible but by one large close gate.—A poor tailor, of this parish, dying, left a small cur dog inconsolable for his loss. The little animal would not leave his dead master, not even for food: and whatever he ate was forced to be placed in the same room with the corpse. When the body was removed for burial, this faithful attendant followed the coffin. After the funeral, he was hunted out of the churchyard by the sexton, who, the next day, again found the animal, who

had made his way by some unaccountable means into the enclosure, and had dug himself a bed on the grave of his master.—Once more he was hunted out, and again he was found in the same situation the following day. The minister of the parish hearing of the circumstance, had him caught, taken home, and fed, and endeavoured by every means to win the animal's affections: but they were wedded to his late master; and, in consequence, he took the first opportunity to escape, and regain his lonely situation. With true benevolence, the worthy clergyman permitted him to follow the bent of his inclinations; but, to soften the rigour of his fate, he built him upon the grave a small kennel, which was replenished once a day with food and water. Two years did this example of *fidelity* pass in this manner, when death put an end to his griefs; and the extended philanthropy of the good clergyman allowed his remains an asylum with his beloved master.

"I have seen a poodle dog, the property of the Marquis of Worcester; which dog was taken by him from the grave of his master, a French officer, who having been killed at the battle of Salamanca, had been buried on the spot. This dog had remained on the grave till he was nearly starved, and even then was removed with difficulty; so *faithful* was he even to the remains of him he had tenderly loved.

"I have known many dogs whose habit has been, as soon as left by their owners, to search for something belonging immediately to them—generally some article of dress. This has been carried by the animal to his bed, or into one corner of the room; and to lie upon, or to watch this, without stirring from it till the owner's return, has been all his employ, and seemingly his only solace."

A whimsical circumstance occurred at one of the last rehearsals of *The Viceroy*; or, *The Spanish Gipsy*, exhibiting the sagacity of a dog, called *Bruin*, who is a performer in the piece. Miss Tunstal, who plays the part of a gipsy, and whose dog *Bruin* is supposed to be, sings a tamborine song, but at this time, being perfect in the song, she omitted it, and left the tamborine behind the scenes. In the place where the song came, however, the

band struck up the symphony; and *Bruin* having been accustomed to see her play the tamborine to the tune, actually ran off the stage of his own accord and brought it to her, to the astonishment of all present. His custom is, during the time in which

he is not wanted, to lay down behind the scenes until he hears the tunes to which he performs, when he jumps up and presents himself at the entrance appointed to him with the punctuality of an old stager.

(To be continued.)

From the Literary Gazette, Nov. 22, 1817.

SHAKSPEARE AND HIS TIMES :

INCLUDING THE BIOGRAPHY OF THE POET ; CRITICISM ON HIS GENIUS AND WRITINGS ; A HISTORY OF THE MANNERS, CUSTOMS, AND AMUSEMENTS, SUPERSTITIONS, POETRY, AND ELEGANT LITERATURE OF HIS AGE, &c. BY NATHAN DRAKE, M. D. 2 VOLS. QUARTO.

THE name of Shakspeare would in itself form a rallying sign for all literary men, to attract their notice to this work; but Dr. Drake superadds to this source of interest an established reputation as a pleasant and clever writer, and we hasten to bring our readers acquainted with his new production.

Yet we must claim some indulgence in this case; for when we mention that these solid quartos number between fourteen and fifteen hundred pages, it will readily be conceded, that no industry could have enabled us, since their publication within these few days, to give them all the consideration requisite for a general and elaborate review of their whole contents. Happily for us, however, the author has divided his subject into three parts: *first*, "Shakspeare in Stratford;" *second*, "Shakspeare in London;" and *third*, "Shakspeare in retirement:" with the former of which, occupying half of the first volume, we feel ourselves more competent to grapple than we could have been with the *tria juncta in uno*.

Of Shakspeare in Stratford it does not appear that much of novelty could be expected, nor has Dr. Drake attempted more than to reconcile the best hypotheses extant, respecting his family and early life. Investigation has long been exhausted upon the subject, and Inquiries have been inquired into, till Conjecture itself must be dumb. This, therefore, is not the portion of the work which deserves the chief attention, from connecting the Poet with the literature of the times, nor even with its manners. Still there was much of curious information on both these points scattered through many volumes, some of them scarce, and most of

them high-priced, which is now collected together, and arranged in an agreeable and well-digested form in the present compilation,—if we may use that term uninvincibly, when the mass of matter extracted from other sources is enlivened by so much original remark and just appreciation.

The matters discussed in the first four chapters we shall pass over, in the conviction that we could quote nothing not already familiar to the public concerning the birth of Shakspeare, his family, orthography of his name, the house wherein he was born, his education, his acquirements, his marriage at the age of 18½ to Anne Hathaway, and the other points of which they treat. Learned controversies, and the biographies prefixed to every edition of his plays, have run these subjects to the very lees, and Dr. Drake could only do what he has done, repeat the best-authenticated accounts from Reed, Aubrey, Malone, Wheeler, Chalmers, Warton, Lofft, and Nichols.

Leaving the individual, the author next proceeds to take a view of Country life during the age of Shakspeare, its manners, customs, and rural characters; festivals and holidays; wakes, fairs, weddings, christenings, and burials; diversions, and superstitions; thence reverting to the Bard, he details his deer-stealing adventure in Sir Thomas Lucy's park, the consequent prosecution, and his removal to London about the year 1586.

There is here ample scope for an amusing narrative. The habits and occupations of our rustic forefathers above two centuries ago; their mode of life, fashions, games, and notions of things, earthly and unearthly, cannot fail to in-

terest us deeply, if delineated with even common skill. Dr. Drake has drawn an excellent picture of them, and displays in this view the great variety of his reading, as well as the extreme diligence with which he has laboured it into a uniform and highly gratifying composition.—Among the rural characters, the country gentleman, the country clergyman, the poor copy-holder, the huswife, the farmer's heir, the boor, &c. &c., as well as the general manners of the age, make a distinguished figure, as depicted by ancient writers, and more modern antiquaries, Holinshed, Massinger, Herrick, Drayton, Puttenham, Heywood, Jonson, Earle (*Microcosmography*), Lodge, Peacham, Spelman, Selden, Tusser, Bourne, Gilpin, Burton, Fuller, Stow, Douce, Ritson, Warton, Strutt, Southey, Walter Scott, and others, not forgetting the exquisite traits with which Shakspeare himself so largely abounds. His Holofernes, in *Love's Labour's Lost*, is, though a caricature, a model for Pedagogues when compared with the profession as it too commonly existed in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I. They often joined the occupation of Conjuror to that of Pedant; and our author has collected the following facts, the contemplation of which renders us thankful to Providence for the improvement which has taken place in the class of our instructors of youth.

"The country-schoolmasters, if we trust the accounts of Ascham and Peacham, were in general many degrees below the pedagogue of Shakspeare in ability; tyranny and ignorance appear to have been their chief characteristics; to such an extent, indeed, were they deficient in point of necessary knowledge, that Peacham (in his *Compleat Gentleman*, Edit. of 1634,) speaking of bad masters, declares 'it is a general plague and complaint of the whole land; for, for one discreet and able teacher, you shall finde twenty ignorant and careless; who (among so many fertile and delicate wits as *England* affordeth) whereas they make one scholler, they marre ten.'

* * * * *

"To the charges of undue severity and defective literature, we must add, I am afraid, the infinitely more weighty accusations of frequent immorality and

buffoonery. Ludovicus Vives, who wrote just before the age of Shakspeare, asserts, that "some school-masters taught Ovid's books of love to their scholars, and some made expositions and expounded the vices;"* and Peacham, at the close of the era we are considering, censures, in the strongest terms, their too common levity and misconduct: 'the diseases whereunto some of them are very subject, are *humour* and *folly* (that I may say nothing of the grosse ignorance and insufficiency of many) whereby they become ridiculous and contemptible, both in the schoole and abroad. Hence it comes to passe, that in many places, especially in Italy, of all professions, that of *pedanteria* is held in basest repute; the school-master almost in every comedy being brought upon the stage to parallell the Zani or Pantaloun. He made us good sport in that excellent comedy of *Pedantius*, acted in our Trinity Colledge in Cambridge, and if I be not deceived, in *Priscianus Vapulans*, and many of our English players.

"I knew one, who in winter would ordinarily, in a cold morning, whip his boys over, for no other purpose than to get himself a heat. Another beat them for swearing, and all the while he swears himself with horrible oathes, he would forgive any fault save that.

"I had, I remember, myselfe (neere St. Albane's in Hertfordshire, where I was born) a master, who by no entreaty would teach any scholler he had, farther than his father had learned before him; as if he had onely learned but to reade English, the sonne, though he were with him seven years, should goe no further; his reason was, they would then proove saucy rogues, and controule their fathers; yet these are they that oftentimes have our hopefull gentry under their charge and tuition, to bring them in science and civility.'" (*Compleat Gentleman*, p. 26, 72.)

We shall, however, quit these rather harshly-drawn characters, for one of greater refreshment, the substantial farmer or yeoman, of whom the following interesting definition is quoted from Harrison.

* *Instruction of a Christian Woman*, 4to. Ed. of 1557.

"This sort of people have a certain preheminance, and more estimation than labourers and the common sort of artificers, and these commonlielive wealthilie, keepe good houses, and travell to get riches. They are also for the most part farmers to gentlemen, or at the leastwise artificers, and with grazing, frequenting of markets, and keeping of servants (not idle servants, as the gentlemen doo, but such as get both their owne and part of their masters living) do come to great wealth, insomuch that manie of them are able, and doo buie the lands of unthrifitie gentlemen, and often setting their sonnes to the schooles, to the Universities, and to the Ins of Court; or otherwise leaving them sufficient lands whereupon they may live without labour, doo make them by those meanes to become gentlemen: these are they that in times past made all France afraid. And albeit they be not called master as gentlemen are, or sir as to knights apperteineth, but onelie John and Thomas, &c.: yet have they beene found to have doone verie good service: and the kings of England in foughten battels, were woont to remaine among them (who were their footmen) as the French kings did among their horsemen: the Prince thereby shewing where his chiefe strength did consist."

"After this description of the rank which the farmer held in society, we shall proceed to state the mode in which he commonly lived in the age of Elizabeth; and in doing this we have chosen, as usual, to adopt at considerable length the language of our old writers; a practice to which we shall in future adhere, while detailing the manners, customs, &c. of our ancestors, a practice which has indeed peculiar advantages; for the authenticity of the source is at once apparent, the diction possesses a peculiar charm from its antique cast, and the expression has a raciness and force of colouring, which owes its origin to actual inspection, and which, consequently, it is in vain to expect on such subjects, from modern composition.

"The houses or cottages of the farmers were built, in places abounding in wood, in a very substantial manner, with not more than between four, six, or nine inches between stud and stud; but in the open and champaine country, they

were compelled to use more flimsy materials, and here and there a girdling to which they fastened their splints, and then covered the whole with thick clay to keep out the wind. 'Certes this rude kind of building,' says Harrison, made the Spaniards 'in queene Maries daies to wonder, but cheeflie when they saw what large diet was used in manie of these so homelie cottages, in so much that one of no small reputation amongst them said after this manner: These English (quoth he) have their houses made of sticks and durt, but they fare commonlie so well as the King. Whereby it appeareth that he liked better of our good fare in such coarse cabins, than of their owne thin diet in their prince-like habitations and palaces.' The cottages of the peasantry usually consisted of but two rooms on the ground-floor, the outer for the servants, the inner for the master and his family, and they were thatched with straw or sedge; while the dwelling of the substantial farmer was distributed into several rooms above and beneath, was coated with white lime or cement, and was very neatly roofed with reed; hence Tusser, speaking of the farm-house, gives the following directions for repairing and preserving its thatch in the month of May:

Where houses be reeded (as houses have need)
Now pare off the mosse, and go beat in the reed:
The juster ye drive it, the smoother and plaine,
More handsome ye make it, to shut off the raine.

"A few years before the era of which we are treating, the venerable Hugh Latimer, describing in one of his sermons the economy of a farmer in his time, tells us that his father, who was a yeoman, had no land of his own, but only "a farm of three or four pounds by the year at the utmost; and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had a walk for an hundred sheep; and my mother milked thirty kine. He kept his son at school till he went to the University, and maintained him there; he married his daughters with five pounds or twenty nobles a piece; he kept hospitality with his neighbours, and some alms he gave to the poor; and all this he did out of the said farm.

"Land let, at this period, it should be remembered, at about a shilling per acre; but in the reign of Elizabeth its value ra-

pidly increased, together with a proportional augmentation of the comforts of the farmers, who even began to exhibit the elegancies and luxuries of life."

Our space forbids us to follow our author into his extracts on this point, which are, however, curious and entertaining; but we cannot dismiss this part of our subject without copying some of the passages relative to the diet and hospitality of this important class.

"Contrary to what has taken place in modern times, the hours for meals were later with the artificer and the husbandman than with the higher order of society; the farmer and his servants usually sitting down to dinner at one o'clock, and to supper at seven, while the gentlemen took the first at eleven in the morning, and the second at five in the afternoon.

"It would appear from the cottage to the palace, good eating was as much cultivated in the days of Elizabeth as it has been in any subsequent period; and the rites of hospitality, more especially in the country, were observed with a frequency and cordiality which a further progress in civilization has rather tended to check than to increase.

"Of the larder of the cotter and the shepherd, and of the hospitality of the farmers, a pretty accurate idea may be acquired from the simple yet beautiful strains of an old pastoral bard of Elizabeth's days, who, describing a nobleman fatigued by the chase, the heat of the weather, and long fasting, adds that he—

Did house him in a peakish graunge,
Within a forest great:

Wheare, knowne, and welcom'd, as the place
And persons might afforde,
Browne bread, whig, bacon, curds, and milke,
Were set him on the borde:

A cushion made of lists, a stoole
Half backed with a houpe,
Were brought him, and he sitteth down
Besides a sorry coupe.

The poor old couple wish't their bread
Were wheat, their whig were perry,
Their bacon beefe, their milke and curds
Weare creame, to make him mery*.

Thus diversifying his theme with prose and verse, does Dr. Drake produce his

panorama of departed times. In the part of his work more immediately before us, we find the descriptions so seductive, that we can hardly tear ourselves from them.

The following which closes the characters illustrative of rural manners in the Shaksperian age, is from the delightful pen of Bishop Earle, and we cannot consent to omit it, though this branch of the subject is more entertaining in itself, than, strictly speaking, connected with the literature of the era, which is the chief matter for illustration.

"A *plain country fellow* is one (says the Bishop) who manures his ground well, but lets himself lye fallow and untilled. He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the punishment of *Nebuchadnezzar*, for his conversation is among beasts, and his tallons none of the shortest, only he eats not grass, because he loves not sallets. His hand guides the plough and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-mark are the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks gee and ree better than English. His mind is not much distracted with objects, but if a good fat cow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonished, and though his haste be never so great, will fix here half an hour's contemplation. His habitation is some poor thatched roof, distinguished from his barn by the loopholes that let out smoak, which the rain had long since washed through, but from the double ceiling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his grandsire's time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His dinner is his other work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible fastner on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stave the guard off sooner. His religion is a part of his copyhold, which he takes from his landlord, and refers it wholly to his discretion: yet if he give him leave he is a good Christian to his power, (that is) comes to church in his best cloaths, and sets there with his neighbours, where he is capable only of two prayers, for rain, and fair weather. He apprehends God's blessings only in a good year or a fat pasture, and never praises him but on good ground. Sun-

* Warner's *Albion's England*, chap. 42.

day he esteems a day to make merry in, and thinks a bagpipe as essential to it as evening prayer, where he walks very solemnly after service with his hands coupled behind him, and censures the dancing of his parish. His compliment with his neighbour is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse. He thinks nothing to be vices, but pride and ill husbandry, from which he will gravely dissuade the youth, and has some thrifty hob-nail proverbs to clout his discourse. He is a niggard all the week, except only market-day, where, if his corn sell well, he thinks he may drink with a good conscience. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning a stack of corn or the overflowing of a meadow, and thinks Noah's flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoiled the grass. For death he is never troubled, and if he gets in but his harvest before, let it come when it will he cares not."

It is from these characters, of which we only have selected one or two as an example of the author's manner, that Shakspeare drew his dramatic scenes of the personal condition, mode of living, and sentiments of his inferior characters. They are, therefore, not only curious as connected with his plays, but possessed with an intrinsic value which loses nothing in the lively and striking style of the olden writers.

We shall now conclude our observations on the First Part of this undertaking, merely noticing that the chapters on the "holidays and festivals," and "superstitions," of the age of Shakspeare, are exceedingly entertaining. We cannot do better than close with a Christmas carol held to be the most ancient drinking song, composed in England, extant. The original is in the old Norman French, of which, as well as of the translation, we annex a specimen.

Seignors ore entendez a nus,
De loinz sumes renuz a wous,
Per quere Noel ;
Car lern nus dit que en cest hostel
Soleit tenir sa feste anuel
A hi cest jur.

Lordlings, from a distant home,
To seek old Christmas are we come,
Who loves our minstrelsy :
And here, unless report mis-say,
The grey-beard dwells ; and on this day
Keeps yearly wassel, ever gay,
With festive mirth and glee.

Lordlings, list, we tell you true ;
Christmas loves the jolly crew
That cloudy care defy :

His liberal board is deftly spread
With manchet-loaves and wastel-bread ;
His guests with fish and flesh are fed,
Nor lack the stately pye.

Lordlings, it is our host's command,
And Christmas joins him hand in hand,

To drain the brimming bowl :

And I'll be foremost to obey :

Then pledge me, sirs, and drink away,

For Christmas revels here to-day,

And sways without controul.

Now wassel to you all ! and merry may ye be !
But foul that wight befall, who drinks not health to me !

THE ANCIENT DRUID AND MODERN WITCH.

From the Literary Panorama, November 1817.

PRESCIENCE ; OR, THE SECRETS OF DIVINATION. BY E. SMEDLEY, JUN.

THERE certainly is, in the mind of man a strong desire to penetrate into futurity ; it is found in all ranks ; in every stage of life ; and we have all possible testimony that former times witnessed the same disposition as well in men esteemed wise, as in those acknowledged to be simple. This desire has been advanced to persuasion ; and this persuasion has been directed by artifice to produce the most powerful effects. The subject is important, and rather proper for a treatise than for a

poem, as from its nature it demands that calm consideration which is rather sedative than poetical : for the reflection of the reader, which is the glory of the philosopher, is fatal to the bard.

Mr. Smedley traces the disposition of the northern nations to pry into futurity ; and as he could not but introduce the Druids, he indulges himself in a description of Stonehenge, which he visited during a night of tempest, thunder and lightning. He says, speaking of these stones,

" Few, yet how many ; never to be told aright
by man.

Such have they stood, till dim Tradition's
eye
Looks vainly back on their obscurity.
Through the wild echoes of their maze have
roll'd
Fierce harpings fit to rouse the slumbering
bold :
And many a song which check'd the starry
train,
And bade the moon her spell-bound car restrain.
For some in such mysterious ring of stone,
Could mark the semblance of Heaven's fiery
zone ;
Read lore celestial in each mass, and name
The planets' courses from its magic frame.
Haply no common rites have there been done,
Strange rites of darkness which abhor the Sun.
There charms, and divination, and the lay
Which trembling fiends must list to, and obey ;
And horrid sacrifice : the knife has dared
To search his bosom whom the falchion spared ;
O'er some pale wretch, yet struggling with the
blow,
The Seer has bent to watch his life-blood flow ;
Felt the pulse flutter, seen the eye grow dim,
Mark'd the quick throe and agony of limb ;
Then pluck'd the living heart-strings from their
seat,
And read each separate fibre while it beat.

Scarce can I tell, what forms beneath the
gloom
My rapt eye bade those fearful stones assume.
Shapes which ev'n memory shudders to relate,
Monsters which fear will to herself create.
Methought the synod of those gods appeared,
Whose damned altar mid the pile was reared ;
O'er the rude shrine in grim delight they stood,
And quaff'd the still life-quivering victim's
blood.
The lightning gave their brow a fiercer scowl,
The North-wind louder swell'd their frantic
howl ;
And as the skies wept on th' accursed place,
I felt the gore-drop trickle down my face !
Fierce with the frenzied boldness of despair,
I touched the giant fiend who revell'd there ;
It mov'd not, liv'd not, it was very stone ;
Oh, God ! I joyed to find myself alone !

Such, in Mr. S.'s opinion, was ancient
superstition, and such the means it adopt-
ed to gratify its eagerness of prescience :
he changes the scene, and presents a
modern instance of superstition ; the
real powers of which are perhaps on a
par with those he has described in the
extract already given.

Mark yon lone cot, whose many-crannied
wall
Admits the gale which else would work its
fall ;
Where through the rattling casement's shat-
ter'd pane,
Trickles the dropping of unhealthy rain ;

And from the mossy roof long reft of straw,
The suns of Summer baleful vapours draw.
Around it all is damp, and chill, and drear :
A boundless heath which Man is seldom near,
Or if his feet should cross it 'tis with fear.
There not a single bough nor leaf is seen,
Save one poor stunted willow's meagre green,
Which rears a sapless trunk that cannot die,
And clings to life with lifeless energy ;
Stretch'd with grey arms which neither bud
nor fade,
Above the slimy pool they fain would shade.
Hous'd in such houselessness, there dwells
alone,
Wasting the lees of age, a withered Crone.
Sad wreck of life and limb left far behind,
Forgotten, but in curses, by her kind ;
Mateless, unfriended, unallied to Earth,
Save by the wretchedness which mark'd her
birth ;
Knit to existence but by one dark tie,
Grappling with Being but through misery.
The tongues which curse her would not wish
her dead,
They know not where to fix their hate instead ;
The hand whose vengeance daily works her
wrong,
Stops short her lingering torture to prolong ;
And for herself, her Memory's faded eye
Sees but the moment which is passing by.

Bent o'er her scanty hearth, the Beldame
drains
Heat long-forgotten in her bloodless veins :
Doubled within herself in grisly heap,
A blighted harvest Death disdains to reap.
A form unshapen, where nor arm, nor knee
Are clearly fashion'd, yet all seem to be.
The lank and bony hands whence touch is fled,
Fain would support, but cannot rest her head ;
Her head for ever palsied ; long ago
Time there has shed and swept away his snow :
Quench'd the dull eye-ball, taught the front to
bow,
And track'd his roughest pathway on her brow.
Can it be life ! Or is there who would crave
Such bitter respite from the must-be grave !
Who, kin to other worlds, on this would tread,
Or clasp a being brother'd with the dead !

Yet the fond wisdom of the rustic pours
Strange might of evil round that Beldame's
doors,
There the Deceiver frames his deeds of harm,
And stamps his signet on her wither'd arm ;
Traffics in ill, and from his willing prey,
Drains the slow drops which sign her soul
away.
There, while the body sleeps in deadly trance,
The accursed Night-hags in their spirit dance ;
Steep'd in strange unguents ride the burthen'd
air,
And mingle with the children of despair ;
Taste feasts forbidden, quaff the bowls of hell !
And the dread chaunt of fiendish revel swell.
Her's too the spells which o'er the waving grain
Pour the sad deluge of autumnal rain :

The moon of harvest in her course obscure,
And from their cave the prison'd tempests lure.
Harm'd by her skill, the wasting cattle die,
And droop and languish through her evil eye.
While the chill'd bridegroom from his tangled
hair,

Sews her the knots herself hath knit to tear;
Slow o'er the flame a waxen form she turns,
"So burn his heartstrings, as this image burns!"
"And as the molten drops fall fast away,
"So may his marrow waste, his bones decay!"

(See *Atheneum*, Vol. I. p. 446.)

This is gloom painting; but who vouches for the truth of the latter part of it? It is report; or terror; or superstition; a popular not a personal error; and very possibly, what has been reported of the Druids has no other foundation. The second part is more cheerful; it presents the poet, the lover, the patriot, and closes with enjoining the submission due to Deity, whose prescience is infallible and all-wise.

SHILLIBEER'S VOYAGE TO PITCAIRN'S ISLAND.

From the *Gentleman's Magazine*, October 1817.

A NARRATIVE OF THE BRITON'S VOYAGE TO PITCAIRN'S ISLAND, &c. BY LIEUT. SHILLIBEER.

PITCAIRN'S Island was colonized, as is generally known, by mutineers from the *Bounty*, Captain Bligh, so long ago as 1789. For 18 years, the destination and fate of the young man, Christian, who had been the leader of the mutiny, had remained undiscovered, altho' an early and diligent search had, by order of the British Government, been made for the place of his retreat. At length that place was accidentally found by an American trader, Mayhew Folger, when only one of the mutineers remained alive; but the offspring of the whole, born of women who had accompanied the mutineers from *Taheite*, presented to their visitors one of the most interesting groups of human beings that ever was exhibited in such a sequestered situation. No other vessel touched at this remote and almost inaccessible spot till Sept. 1814, when two of his Majesty's frigates, the *Briton* and the *Tagus*, fell in with it, on their return from the *Marquesas* to South America. On the passage, when, according to their reckoning and the charts in their possession, they were nearly three degrees to the East of *Pitcairn's Island*, they were surprised in the middle of the night by its unexpected appearance. The incidents that then occurred to them are already known to the public in a general way; but this Narrative by Lieut. Shillibeer, who was at the time on board the *Briton*, has given them a fresh and lively interest, and a more authentic shape.

At day-light the natives were seen on the shore, launching their canoes. Into

these the people threw themselves, and paddled towards the ship.

"Waiting their approach," says the Author, "we prepared to ask them some questions in the language of those people we had so recently left. They came—and for me to picture the wonder which was conspicuous in every countenance, at being hailed in perfect English, what was the name of the ship, and who commanded her, would be impossible; our surprise can alone be conceived. The Captain answered; and now a regular conversation commenced. He requested them to come alongside, and the reply was, 'We have no boat-hook to hold on by.'—'I will throw you a rope,' said the Captain.—'If you do, we have nothing to make it fast to,' was the answer. However, they at length came on board, exemplifying not the least fear, but their astonishment was unbounded.—After the friendly salutation of Good morrow, Sir, from the first man who entered (*Mackey*, for that was his name), 'Do you know,' said he, 'one William Bligh in England?' This threw a new light on the subject, and he was immediately asked if he knew one Christian? and the reply was given with so much natural simplicity that I shall here use his proper words, 'O yes,' said he, 'very well; his son is in the boat there coming up; his name is Friday Fletcher October Christian. His father is dead now—he was shot by a black fellow.' Several of them had now reached the ship, and the scene was now become exceedingly interesting; every one betrayed the greatest anxiety to know the fate of that misled young man, of whose end so many vague reports had been in circulation, and those who did not ask questions devoured with avidity every word which led to an elucidation of the mysterious termination of the unfortunate *Bounty*. The questions which were now put were numerous; and as I am inclined to believe their being arranged with their specific answers will convey to the reader the circumstance as it really took place, with greater force than a continued relation, I shall adopt that plan; and those occurrences which did not lead immediately to the end of Christian, and the establishment of the Colony, I will relate faithfully as they transpired.

Christian, you say, was shot?—Yes, he was.

By whom?—A black fellow shot him.

What cause do you assign for the murder?—I know no reason, except a jealousy which I have heard then existed between the people of Otaheite and the English—Christian was shot in the back while at work in his yam plantation.

What became of the man who killed him?—Oh! that black fellow was shot afterwards by an Englishman.

Was there any other disturbance between the Otaheiteans and the English, after the death of Christian?—Yes; the black fellows rose, shot two Englishmen, and wounded John Adams, who is now the only remaining man who came in the *Bounty*.*

How did John Adams escape being murdered?—He hid himself in the wood; and the same night, the women, enraged at the murder of the English, to whom they were more partial than their countrymen, rose and put every Otaheitean to death in their sleep. This saved Adams; his wounds were soon healed, and although old, he now enjoys good health.

How many men and women did Christian bring with him in the *Bounty*?—Nine white men, six from Otaheite, and eleven women.

And how many are there now on the island?—In all we have 48.

Have you ever heard Adams say how long it is since he came to the Island?—I have heard it is about 25 years ago.

And what became of the *Bounty*?—After every thing useful was taken out of her, she was run on shore, set fire to, and burnt.

Have you ever heard how many years it is since Christian was shot?—I understand it was about two years after his arrival at the Island.

What became of Christian's wife?—She died soon after Christian's son was born; and I have heard that Christian took forcibly the wife of one of the black fellows to supply her place, and which was the chief cause of his being shot†.

Then Fletcher October Christian is the oldest on the Island except John Adams and the old women?—Yes, he is the first born on the Island.

At what age do you marry?—Not before 19 or 20.

Are you allowed to have more than one wife?—No; we can have but one, and it is wicked to have more.

Have you been taught any religion?—Yes, a very good religion.

In what do you believe?—I believe in God the Father Almighty, &c. (Here he went through the whole of the belief.)

Who first taught you this Belief?—John Adams says it was first by F. Christian's order, and that he likewise caused a prayer to be said every day at noon.

And what is the prayer?—It is, 'I will arise and go to my Father, and say unto him, Father, I have sinned against Heaven, and before thee,

and am no more worthy of being called thy son.'

Do you continue to say this every day?—Yes, we never neglect it.

What language do you commonly speak?—Always English.

But you understand the Otaheitean?—Yes, but not so well.

Do the old women speak English?—Yes, but not so well as they understand it; their pronunciation is not good.

What countrymen do you call yourselves?—Half English and half Otaheite.

Who is your king?—Why, King George to be sure.

Have you ever seen a ship before?—Yes, we have seen four from the island, but only one stopped. Mayhew Folger was the captain.

I suppose you know him?—No, we do not know him.

How long did he stay?—Two days.

Should you like to go to England?—No! I cannot, I am married, and have a family.

As the ships were short of provisions, the Captains were in haste to reach some port on the coast of America; and from the Narrative it may be concluded, tho' it is not exactly expressed, that they remained only a few hours near the island. We are told that "no one but the two Captains went on shore; which," says the author, "will be a source of lasting regret to me, for I would rather have seen the simplicity of that little village than all the splendour and magnificence of a city." One of the Captains, however, favoured Lieut. Shillabeer with some particulars, among which are the following:

After landing, we ascended a little eminence, and were imperceptibly led thro' groups of cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees to a beautiful picturesque little village: the houses small, but regular, convenient, and of unequalled cleanliness. The daughter of Adams received us on the hill. She came doubtlessly as a spy, and had we taken men with us, or been armed ourselves, would certainly have given her father notice to escape; but, as we had neither, she conducted us to where he was. She was arrayed in Nature's simple garb, and wholly unadorned, but she was Beauty's self, and needed not the aid of ornament. John Adams is a fine-looking old man, approaching to 60 years of age. I asked him if he had a desire to return to England, and I confess his replying in the affirmative caused me great surprise.

He told me he was perfectly aware how deeply he was involved by following the fortune of Christian; that his life was the necessary forfeiture of such an act, and he supposed would be exacted from him, were he ever to return; notwithstanding all which circumstances, nothing would occasion him so much gratification as that of seeing once more, prior to his death, the country which gave him birth.

There was a sincerity in his speech, which had a very powerful influence in persuading me these were his real sentiments. My interest

* It is remarkable that the name of Adams does not appear in the list of the *Bounty's* crew, as given in Lieut. Bligh's Narrative; and that this list includes only 44 persons, though the whole crew is stated in the advertisement to have consisted of 46.

† The former and the latter parts of this dialogue, down to this point, appear rather at variance respecting the cause of Christian being shot, but not so much as to be contradictory.

was excited to so great a degree, that I offered him a conveyance for himself, with any of his family who chose to accompany him. He appeared pleased, and as no one was present, he sent for his wife and children. The rest of this little community surrounded the door. He communicated his desire, and solicited their acquiescence. Appalled at a request not less sudden than in opposition to their wishes, they were at a loss for a reply.—His charming daughter, although inundated with tears, first broke the silence.

‘Oh do not, Sir,’ said she, ‘take from me my father! do not take away my best—my dearest friend.’ Her voice failed her—she was unable to proceed—leaned her head upon her hand, and gave full vent to her grief. His wife too (an Otaheitean) expressed a lively sorrow. The wishes of Adams soon became known among the others, who joined in pathetic solicitation for his stay on the Island. Not an eye was dry—the big tear stood in those of the men—the women shed them in full abundance. With assurances that it was neither our wish nor intention to take him from them against his inclination, their fears were at length dissipated. His daughter too had gained her usual serenity, but she was lovely in her tears, for each seemed to add an additional charm. Forgetting the unhappy deed which placed Adams in that spot, and seeing him only in the character he now is, at the head of a little community, adored by all, instructing all, in religion, industry, and friendship, his situation might be truly envied; and one is almost inclined to hope that his unremitting attention to the government and morals of this little Colony, will ultimately prove an equivalent for the part he formerly took,—entitle him to praise, and should he ever return to England, ensure him the clemency of that Sovereign he has so much injured. The young women have invariably beautiful teeth, fine eyes, and open expression of countenance, and looks of such simple innocence, and sweet sensibility, that renders their appearance at once interesting and engaging; and it is pleasing to add, their minds and manners were as pure and innocent as this impression indicated.”

It must appear not less wonderful to other persons than it did to the Captain, that a man situated and circumstanced like Adams could have felt the least inclination to quit a spot to which he was connected and bound by so many ties; and we should regard it as extraordinary an instance as could be produced of the restlessness of the human disposition, were we not aware of the affecting and extravagant symptoms that are sometimes under certain circumstances exhibited of the *amor patriæ*. The Narrator observes, “To have taken Adams from a circle of such friends would have ill become a feeling heart; to have forced him away in opposition to their entreaties would have been an outrage to humanity.” Indeed, whatever friends he might have left when he quit-

ted this country (now nearly 30 years past), it is difficult to imagine that, if living, they could be so much entitled to his affections as this new race; and certainly there could be none to whom he could have the satisfaction of being so serviceable. The Island itself must have been endeared to him, as having been first possessed and made habitable by him and his associates, as well as by being the birth-place of his and their progeny. Every part of Pitcairn's Island is fertile, and capable of cultivation:—with yams, bread-fruit, pigs, goats, and poultry, the Island was stocked from Otaheite;—and the coast abounds in fish. It is said that “the intermarriages which had taken place had made a general relationship throughout the Colony; that the greatest harmony prevailed; and that the young women deserve high praise for beauty and innocent simplicity of manners.” We have seen that the ships left the Island and its inhabitants with their number unbroken, and their manners unaltered; circumstances which are both extremely gratifying. It is impossible not to reflect with interest and anxiety on the probable future fate of the residents in this little garden of paradise, as yet in a state of primitive purity, but whose tranquillity, and whose virtue, are endangered by the rest of the world becoming informed of their retreat.

In an early part of the Voyage, Mr. Shillibeer, speaking of the Island of Madeira, says,

The climate is particularly fine, insomuch that Funchall and its vicinity is frequently the resort of invalids; but few, I fear, reap the full benefit of its renovating salubrity, not having sufficient resolution to withstand the temptation of its natural luxuries, or the hospitality of its Anglo-inhabitants.—The invalid can avail himself of a temperature the most suited to his immediate complaint, by being carried up or down the mountain: he is also enabled to enjoy the most delicious fruits, and not only those natural to the Island, but of his own country.

The scenery of this Island is peculiarly romantic—precipices of stupendous height, covered with most delightful foliage, here and there interspersed with huts, and cataracts precipitating from rock to rock in awful grandeur, until meeting from various directions among the trees and cottages at the bottom, they form one general stream, which roars as it pursues its course to the town.—The Chapel on the Mount stands in a most beautiful situation, but possesses nothing worthy of notice, except the loveliness of its site, which affords a view as delightful as can possibly be conceived; and although the journey to it is tire-

some, the stranger will be fully repaid for his labour by making it a visit. The Priest who lives adjoining the Chapel, I found to be a very intelligent man, and he treated me with great civility. The Inns, whether Portuguese or English, are much below mediocrity, and notwithstanding the little accommodation and abundance of filth, their charges are enormous; and to make the latter still more grievous, the English one pound bank note, was then only current at fourteen shillings. Little, independent of wine is produced in the Island, so that the vine is every where cultivated with the greatest care. Not a spot, however rugged, but is turned to advantage.

The following extract, at the present eventful period, may be thought not uninteresting ;

The city of San Sebastian, the capital of the Portuguese dominions in South America, and residence of the Prince Regent, is situated on the South side of an extensive harbour, whose entrance is so exceedingly narrow and well fortified by nature, that with the smallest assistance of art it could be rendered impregnable against any attack from the sea. The fort of Santa Cruz, and a very remarkable mountain, from its shape bearing the name of the Sugar Loaf, form the entrance, at the distance of about a mile. There is a bar which runs across, but the water is at all times sufficiently deep, to allow the largest ship to pass. Santa Cruz may be considered the principal fortification, and is, with the exception of two Islands commanding the channel, the only one in a tolerable state of defence. At the foot of the sugar loaf mountain, is a battery of considerable extent, but so neglected, like several others along the shore, that it is almost become useless.—The city derives but little protection from its immediate fortifications ; and the Island of Cobrus, notwithstanding its contiguity, is now but little calculated to render it any.—There are wharves and stairs for the purpose of landing at, but the most convenient is the great square, in which the Prince resides. The palace was originally the mansion of a merchant : it is extensive, but has nothing par-

ticularly magnificent in its appearance, to indicate its being the royal residence of the illustrious House of Braganza. At the bottom of this square, is a very good fountain, which is supplied with water from the adjacent mountains, and conveyed some distance by the means of an aqueduct.—The water is not good, and on first using it, causes a swelling accompanied with pain in the abdomen. Ships may be supplied with considerable expedition.—It is almost impossible for a person possessing the least reflection, to pass this spot without being struck by the contrast, which must necessarily present itself to him.—On the one hand, he may contemplate the palace of a voluptuous Prince, surrounded by courtiers and wallowing in luxury ; on the other, slavery in its most refined and horrible state.—The inhuman and barbarous traffick of slaves, is carried on to the greatest extent it is possible to be imagined ; and as the immediate and private revenue of the Crown would receive a severe shock by the abolition of so unnatural a barter, there can be, I fear, but little hopes of so desirable an object being speedily effected, without the humanity of the European States turns their recommendations into commands, and enforce compliance, which I am persuaded would be the case were the different Legislators but faintly impressed with the horrors that constantly occur at this place, and the barbarity to which those unhappy people are hourly subjected.—The labour, let it be never so laborious, is performed by slaves, and it is seldom there are more than six apportioned to the heaviest burdens. I have frequently seen as few as four groaning under the weight of a pipe of wine, which they have had to remove thro' the town. Many of those poor creatures are bred to trades, and are sent out daily or weekly by their masters with orders to bring him a certain sum at the expiration of that time, and what they can get over they may consider their own ; but they are always so highly rated, that it is with the greatest difficulty they can raise the sum nominated ; and in case of defalcation, it is attributed to a want of exertion, or laziness, which subjects the unhappy victim to punishment for a crime the master alone has committed.

From the Monthly Magazine, Nov. 1817.

L'APE ITALIANA. No. II.

Dor 'ape susurrando
Nei mattutini albori
Vola suggendo i rugiadosi umori.—Guarini.

Where the bee at early dawn
Murmuring sips the dews of morn.*

LE CENTO NOVELLE ANTICHE—continued.

NOVELLA 30.

“Of Messire Azzolino's story-teller.†

“**M**ESSIRE Azzolino had a story-teller, who told him tales during

the long winter nights.* It happened one night that Azzolino† urged him to tell a tale when he was very sleepy : he ac-

* A motto without a meaning is worth nothing. If the literary collector may be compared to the bee, surely he may be said to rove among the sweets of morn who is engaged in investigating the earliest productions of Italian literature.

† Un Novellatore. Un Favellatore.

* This is one of those traits of the manners of the times, with which this ancient work abounds.

† Azzolino, or Ezzelino da Romano, the ferocious tyrant of Padua, is well known to the readers of Italian history. “Solo intuitu homines deterrebat, says the historian of the times, crudelitate superavit savitiam omnium tyrannorum.” “His very look was terrific—his cruelty exceeded that of every other tyrant.”

cordingly began a story, about a countryman who went to a market with a hundred pieces of money,* to buy sheep: and had two for each piece. As he returned with the sheep, a river, which he had to cross, was greatly swoln by a heavy rain that had fallen. While he was standing on the bank, considering how to get over, he saw a poor fisherman, with a boat so small, that it would only hold the countryman and one sheep at a time. He got in with one sheep, and began to row: the river was wide, but away he goes. *Here the story-teller stopped.* Messire Azzolino said, *'What are you about? why do you not go on?'* 'Sir!' said the story-teller, *'let the sheep get over, and then we will go on with the tale: but, as it will take at least a twelve-months, one may find opportunity, in the mean time, to get a good sleep.'*†

NOVELLA 31.

"Of the gallant exploits of Riccar Loghercio del Illa.‡"

"Riccar Loghercio, a great gentleman of Provence, was sovereign of Lille, and a man of great courage and incredible prowess. When the Saracens came to conquer Spain, he was in the battle called *La Spagnata*,§ which was the most perilous combat that hath taken place since the days of the Greeks and Trojans. The Saracens were in great numbers, and had many kinds of engines. Riccar Loghercio led on the first line; and, as the horses could not be made to advance through fear of the engines, he ordered his men all to turn their horses round, and to back them till they reached the enemy.† By this means they got among them, and got them in front; and then they hacked and hewed to the right and left, and made terrible slaughter of them.¶

* Bisanti. *Besants*. A Bizantine coin, so called from the name of that city.

† This same story, with a little variation, is told by Sancho to amuse Don Quixote, after he had tied Rosinante's legs together; in order to prevent his master from engaging in the perilous adventure of the Fulving-Milla. See D. Quixote. Part I. cap. 20.

‡ The Italian commentator explains *del Illa*, to mean, *de Lisle*; but I am not the less puzzled to discover who the gallant knight here commemorated is.

§ From its being decisive to the fate of Spain.

† We recommend this singular mode of charging with cavalry to the tacticians of the present day. It seems, that it is sometimes a proof of valour to *turn tail* on the enemy.

¶ In the great battle fought by Charles Martil against

"At another time, when he was engaged in single combat with the Count of Toulouse, he dismounted from his charger and got on a mule: *'What is to be done now, Richard?'* said the count. 'Sir,' said he, *'I wish to let you see that I do not want either to chase or to run away.'* Thus he shewed that noble spirit in which he excelled all other knights."

NOVELLA 35.

"Another instance of the courtesy of King John of England."

"The Queen of Castile once sent one of her knights, on important business, to a very solitary place, without any companion. As the knight, mounted on a good palfrey, was riding thus alone through a great forest, as fast as his palfrey could carry him, it happened, as ill luck would have it, that, in crossing a ditch, the palfrey tumbled down with him so completely, that he could not get him up again, though he escaped without harm to his person. He used his best endeavours to get this palfrey of his out of the ditch, but to no purpose: nor could he see a single person, far or near, from whom to procure assistance: so that he was greatly vexed and distressed, and was at a loss what to do.

"Now it happened, as luck would have it, that John, king of England was hunting in those parts on an excellent palfrey, and had chased a noble stag so hotly, that he had left his party behind, and was quite alone, when he fell in with this knight of the queen's. When the latter saw him, he recognised him; but, such was his necessity, that he pretended not to know him, and accordingly he called to him when he was a long way off, and said, 'Sir knight, for the love of God make haste hither, and be pleased to help me to get out this palfrey of mine; for I am on important business in the service of my lady.' When the king came up, he asked, 'Sir knight, what lady dost thou serve?' And he answered, 'I am in the service of the Queen of Castile.' Then the king, who was the most courteous prince in the world, dismounted from his palfrey, and said, 'Sir knight, I am hunting, as you see, with a party: be

the Saracens in the year 734, Eudes, duke of Aquitaine, is said to have completed the victory by attacking the enemy *par derriere*, which our author may, perhaps, have misinterpreted.

pleased, therefore, to take my palfrey, which is as good as your own (truly it was worth three such), and I and my companions will endeavour to get your's again; and you shall go on your lady's business.' The knight was all confused, and did not know what to do—for to take the king's palfrey was a great shame: and he said, 'I cannot do so rude a thing as to take your palfrey.' The king repeated his offers, and pressed him to take it for the love of knighthood: but nothing would prevail on him to accept it. He still, with much diffidence, entreated the king to assist him in getting his own again: then they both got into the ditch, and the king tugged as hard as any clown. It was all in vain, *for get him out they could not*; and so they knew not what to do. The knight *fretted inwardly*, as being on the service of another person, especially as that person was his lady, but nobody came. The king again pressed him to take his palfrey; but he persisted in refusing to do so: and, truly, in that he was right—as knowing that he was the noble King John of England. And he said in his heart, 'Truly, if this man had been a knight, or I had not known who he was, I would in that case have made bold to take his palfrey; and to leave him mine, and go about my business. The king, seeing that he fretted inwardly, was greatly mortified that he could not assist him as he desired; and he said, 'Sir knight, what is to be done? wilt thou not take my palfrey, and leave me thine, as I have told thee? I have already helped thee as well as I was able, so that I know not how to assist thee farther; and here's nobody coming either of my people or any body's else. So that the only thing to be done, as far as I see, is to *set to and cry; do you begin, and I will cry with you.*'

"The knight, hearing this, did not know what to say or do: nevertheless he said, 'Assuredly, sir, be you whom you may, I would not commit such a piece of rudeness towards you as that would be.' The king was greatly amused at this, and very desirous that he should take it; and he therefore said, 'Since you will not do as I would have you, I will keep you company, till the Lord shall send us some help.' The knight thanked him kindly, and entreated him not to stay—for that he was very

sorry for the trouble he had already given him: and the king replied, 'Do not give yourself any concern about that; for I will, at any rate, stay with you till some one or other of my companions come up.'

"While they were thus talking, certain of the king's knights and attendants, and others of his household, who were in search of him, came up, and found him engaged in this dispute with the knight. The king called to them; and, as soon as they saw him, they stopped, and hastened where he was, and helped the knight—so that at last they dragged the palfrey out of the ditch. The knight returned many thanks to the king and his company, and pursued his journey with his palfrey as well as he could: and the king and his party returned to the chase.

"The knight having accomplished his journey, and the business on which he went, returned to his noble queen, and gave her an account of his embassy; and also of what had befallen him with his palfrey, and of the great service which John, king of England, had rendered him. The queen made him relate it many times over, and was never satisfied with hearing of the noble actions and courtesies of King John; and greatly extolled him as the most courteous prince in the world—as in truth he was."

NOVELLA 43.

"*How Narcissus fell in love with his shadow.*"

Narcissus was very beautiful: it happened one day, as he was reposing by the side of a clear fountain, that he saw his own shadow in the water, very beautiful. He began to look and to smile at it; and his shadow did the same—so that he thought it was alive, and in the water; and was not aware that it was his own shadow. He began to be in love with it; and became so deeply enamoured, that he would fain have siezed it, and plunged his hands into the water. The waters became turbid, and the shadow disappeared—so that he began to weep: when the water cleared up, he saw the shadow weeping like himself. Then he threw himself into the water and was drowned. It was the season of spring, and some nymphs* came to sport at the fountain, and saw the fair Narcissus

* *Donne. Ladies.* I have given the more classical word.

drowned: they drew him out with great lamentation, and set him upright on the bank. News was brought to the god of love, who changed him into a beautiful almond tree—verdant and flourishing: which is the first tree that puts forth its flowers, and renews the season of love.”†

† “Ne fece un bellissimo mandorlo molto verde, e molto bene stante, ed e il primo albero che prima fa fiori, e rinovella amore.”

ON MODERN POETS.

From the Literary Gazette.

MR. SOUTHEY.

IF Mr. Campbell has held so tight a rein over his Pegasus, as to prevent it from soaring above a hillock or a pine-tree, Mr. Southey has given such unreasonable scope to his poetical “Ship of Heaven,” that it sails over infinite space, without once casting anchor, or is tost about in an ocean of mystical inutility. After reading *Thalaba*, or the Curse of Kehama, one lays down the volume with an inevitable feeling of, “Very sublimated, no doubt, but what does it all mean? where is its object?” One retains an impression of nothing but blank verse of all sizes, from three syllables to twelve; of one Veshnoo, with whose mythology we are quite unacquainted; of one Lardlad, whom air must not touch on any account, and who yet respire freely enough through his lungs; and of Braman, and Indra, and Yamen, and Glendoveers, about whose powers and attributes we care not one farthing. As to sympathy, it is totally out of the question: and of magnificent language, we have more than sufficient.

If Mr. Campbell does not astonish us in this superhuman manner, at least he leads us through scenes with whose nature we are familiar, and for whose inhabitants we feel some regard. Though his primroses and violets are purchased in the Cranbourn Alley of Parnassus, and appear a manufacture of painted gauze, yet still they remind us of real primroses; and, indeed, some of them are real. Mr. Campbell’s farthest flight is America; but Mr. Southey hurries us up at once into the third heaven; we fly about among stars that do not belong to our proper hemisphere; we are dazzled, blinded, bewildered; and when at last we descend from our aeronautic excursion, we are happy to repose upon the after-grass of Rogers, or to beg a tickened at one of Crabbe’s sea-faring butts.

3G ATHENEUM. Vol. 2.

After these animadversions, I must not allow it to be supposed, that I consider Mr. Southey’s poetry as utterly worthless. On the contrary, I think it of a very superior order; capable, if modified and terrestrialized, of adding no inconsiderable star to the great poetical constellation which shines upon the present age. Amongst much hyperbolical thought and expression, we are sometimes agreeably surprised by the unexpected appearance of pictures which our hearts acknowledge, and which strike us at once with the strongest emotions of sublimity. I remember, in our language, three fine passages on the drawing of swords. Burke is the author of one. In speaking of Marie Antoinette, he says,

“I thought ten thousand swords would have leaped from their scabbards, to avenge even a look that offered her an insult.”

Milton gives us the following sublime conception:

“He spake, and to confirm his words, out flew Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs Of mighty cherubim; the sudden blaze Far round illumined hell.”

And Mr. Southey, with more sublimity than the former, and not much less than the latter, has this passage. The Rajah having ordered his troops to assassinate a multitude who had offended him,

“Ten thousand scymetars at once upreared,
Flash up like waters sparkling to the sun,
A second time the fatal brands appeared,
Lifted aloft—they glittered then no more;
Their light was gone, their splendour quenched in gore.”

Perhaps in the whole compass of modern poetry, there is not a more splendid picture. Lord Byron approaches somewhat near it, when he describes Alp’s bare arm during the battle.

“Alp is but known by the white arm bare,
Look thro’ the thick of the fight—’tis there.”

As we are about erecting an architectural monument to the memory of Wa-

terloo, I think we might convoke a congress of our poets, to compound amongst them a poetical monument. To Lord Byron might be allotted that part which should describe the feeling of both armies before and after the battle, and its effects upon the moral world in general. Mr. Scott should be endowed with a limited power of rehearsing the names of the leaders, their dresses, their genealogy, and the foaming bits of their steeds. Both these bards should mash up the battle itself between them. Mr. Campbell might give us a pathetic episode of a young lady who had arrived just time enough to stop, by the interposition of her own heart, a bullet that was going on very fairly towards her lover's. If any immortal gods were deemed necessary, I would, by all means, recommend Mr. Southey to the mythological department. Mr. Crabbe might be furnished with lint and ligaments, and a wardrobe of the Dutch women's costumes, in which case

he could do wonders in describing the care taken of the wounded; to say nothing of some episode respecting a tall pathetic Lifeguardsman and his Dutch Dulcinea. I think I would permit Mr. Rogers to insert three lines about the birth and parentage of a tear; Messrs. Coleridge and Wordsworth should describe the unsophisticated death of an aide-de-camp's horse; and to Mr. Moore I would adjudge the most arduous task of all—namely, to erase, correct, and insert, as his classical taste might lead him; in which case, much of Scott, some of Lord Byron, a little of Campbell, the essence of Southey's four thousand lines, making about as many hundred,—might be retained; but Heaven knows whether a single line of the remaining members of the congress would remain! By the help of all this pruning, the structure might indeed be made immortal.

Note.—We wish our ingenious correspondent would remember the old maxim: "*Amicus Plato, sed magis, &c.*"—Ed.

BIOGRAPHICAL PORTRAITS.

From the Monthly Magazine.

CONTEMPORARY AUTHORS.

No. III.

AN ESTIMATE of the LITERARY CHARACTER
of FRANCIS JEFFREY, ESQ.

FEW writers of the present time occupy a larger share of the attention of literary men than Mr. Jeffrey. He is the editor of the Edinburgh Review, and author of some of the best papers in that popular journal; and it is alledged, that few critics have exposed the faults and deficiencies of the candidates for literary distinction with less indulgence and more presumption. Many who have smarted under the lash of his ridicule regard him with indignation, while they endeavour to persuade themselves that he is only worthy of their contempt. It is to be hoped, however, that, among the vast number who have felt the impartial malice of his pen, there may be some who will acknowledge, though he is always severe, that he has been sometimes just—but never in their own particular case. It would indeed be folly to deny the talents and merits of a writer who has so essentially contributed to establish the reputation of the Edinburgh Review.

It must be conceded to the exasperated victims against whom he has so bitterly directed "the quips and scorn of the time," that an author who is only known as a critic can assert but a negative claim to distinction; for it is easier to point out the faults of the noblest work of art than to execute the meanest. Mr. Jeffrey must not be allowed to imagine himself superior in genius to any of the authors whom he has reviewed, merely because he has successfully made them objects of mirth or derision: his merits lie in other qualifications than the glibness of his satire; for, with every allowance that may be granted to the invidiousness of cotemporaries, it cannot be denied that there is a strong basis of good sense in his strictures, of which the pungent and sparkling acrimony of his manner is the flavor and effervescence. He often errs in estimating the general abilities of the writers whom he reviews, and allows his distaste to their works to be improperly directed against themselves; assuming, in this way, a privilege of censuring, which is not permitted in good society, and is never exercised without exciting

feelings of resentment, destructive of the quiet reciprocities of social intercourse. His taste is sometimes capricious, and is evidently more under the influence of the moment than regulated by settled principles; but, upon the whole, a spirit of justice may be discovered in his most merciless animadversions. Sometimes he has released his victims from the rack, when it might have been thought that he intended to inflict a capital punishment: at others he has gamboled to the last; and, with true feline cruelty, only ended their misery when he was tired of tormenting them. But we are acquainted with no writer who more youthfully states his own taste and predilections; and, if there is some degree of conceit in his ingenuousness, it must be allowed that, when he advocates the principles of those opinions in which his judgment is settled and matured, he does it with a manliness that has nothing superior in the literature of any age or country.

It has been objected to Mr. Jeffrey's papers, and indeed to his journal, that the want of circumstantial and scientific knowledge is but ill supplied by theoretical ingenuity. It cannot, however, be denied that, on a great variety of subjects, he has manifested much ability and information. He may not appear always a profound scholar, but he is uniformly an accomplished gentleman. Some of his *belle-lettres* articles are among the best-written dissertations in the English language; especially those in which a vein of historical illustration serves to develop the particular and relative merits of the author under consideration.

But a light and sketchy outline is the character of his style. His canvas is seldom filled; and, if he occasionally finishes a head with delicacy and effect, he neglects the extremities, and often substitutes, for the hands and feet, the idle flourishes of a free and rapid pencil. In his manner there is frequently much elegance, sometimes great beauty, but always a large expanse of loose and careless writing. Conceited and dainty expressions may be here and there discovered; they are, however, more of the nature of freckles than of moles, and we suspect are sometimes esteemed as beauties. His wit may be described as the antithesis of affectation. A sharp na-

tural acid, that requires to be mixed with the nauseous alkali of folly in others, to produce that brisk and wholesome corrective which has become so fashionable as to be almost necessary to the sickly appetite of the age.

Mr. Jeffrey has without question more admirers than enemies; the latter are only to be found among the small class who subject themselves to his jurisdiction, while the former are spread throughout the whole commonality of readers. But he has no disciples. He has too much practical sense ever to become the founder of a sect; for it is not in the nature of that quality to inspire enthusiasm, or to allow it to be felt. His head and heart are made up of household stuff, and seem to have so little affinity for any thing romantic, that we are inclined to think even his personal manners must have many angular points towards those who are less earnest to be always instructive. The cast of his mind seems to be much more akin to that of the man of business than of the author; but he oftener expresses himself with the billious irritability of the one, than the hearty urbanity of the other; he is, in fact, neither a man of the world nor a man of genius, but belongs to that dubious class who are regarded with indulgence by the wise, while they are lauded by the weak and condemned only by the foolish. He is an author admirably suited to the occasional topics of his own day; but, when time shall have obliterated those associations in the public mind, to which he so felicitously refers, and draws from them so many apt and amusing illustrations, his style will lose much of its perspicuity, and a great deal of its life and interest. A critic, in fact, is something like a player; his talents are brought out by the ideas of others, and his merits can only be appreciated by comparing his efforts with those of his contemporaries. Mr. Jeffrey is clever, but not great; eloquent, without being impressive; accomplished, but not profound. His main fault belongs more to the man than the author—it is in presuming to be the censor of private manners, where the clear and obvious line of his duty (as pointed out both by the consciousness of his own petulance, and the nature of the task he has assumed,) is merely to review the merits and defects

of published books. Latterly, however, as Dr. Johnson says, "there may yet be he has more modestly adhered to his vocation ;—" and, where there is shame, "virtue."

TIME'S TELESCOPE, FOR MARCH.

From "Time's Telescope."

AMONG the Romans, March, from Mars, was the first month, and marriages made in this month were accounted unhappy. The Saxons called March *lent-monat*, or *length-moneth*, 'because the days did first begin, in length, to exceed the nights.'

In mantle of Proteus clad,
With aspect ferocious and wild ;
Now pleasant, now sullen and sad,
Now froward, now placid and mild.

Such is the poet's character of this month, which is, in general, cold, with keen winds, the air clear and healthy.

SAINT DAVID'S DAY, MARCH 1.

The leek worn on this day by Welshmen is said to be in memory of a great victory obtained by them over the Saxons; they, during the battle, having leeks in their hats, to distinguish themselves, by order of St. David. Another account adds, that they were fighting under their King Cadwallo, near a field that was replenished with that vegetable.*

Saint David was the great ornament and pattern of his age. He spoke with much force and energy, but his example was more powerful than his eloquence; and he has in all succeeding ages been the glory of the British church. He continued in the see of St. David's many years; and having founded several monasteries, and been the spiritual father of many saints both British and Irish, he died about the year 544, at a very advanced age. He was buried in

* The following is Shakspeare's account of it, (Henry V.) in the dialogue between Fluellin and the king :

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, a'nt please your majesty, and your great uncle, Edward the plack prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Henry. They did, Fluellin.

Flu. Your majesty says very true. If your majesty is remembered of it, the Welshmen did goot service in a garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Monmouth caps, which, your majesty knows, to this hour is an honorable padge of the service; and, I do pelieve, your majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek on St Tavy's-day.

K. Henry. I wear it for a memorable honour.

the church of Saint Andrew, which, with the town and whole diocese, are named after him. Near the church stand several chapels, formerly resorted to with great devotion: the principal is that of St. Nun, mother of St. David, near which is a beautiful well still frequented by pilgrims. Another chapel is sacred to St. Lily, surnamed Gwas-Dafydd, that is, St. David's man; for he was his beloved disciple and companion in his retirement. He is honoured there on the 3d, and St. Nun, who lived and died the spiritual mother of many religious women, on the 2d of March. The three first days of March were formerly holidays in South Wales in honour of these three saints; at present only the first is kept a festival throughout the principality.

In the wild and romantic scenery of Llanthony, at the foot of the black mountains, on the banks of the Honddy, in the sequestered vale of Ewias, St. David formed a hermitage and erected a chapel:—

A little lowly hermitage it was
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people, that did pass
In traveil to and fro: a little wyde
There was an holy chapell edifyde,
Wherein the hermit dewly wont to say
His holy things each morn and eventyde;
Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountain welled forth alway.

So retired is this spot, that, at one time, it was scarcely known to the neighbouring hamlets. Walter de Lacy, one day in pursuit of a deer, discovered those mysterious erections, and being struck with the solemnity of the spot, he was visited by religious enthusiasm;—he disclaimed the world, and erected the abbey of Llanthony for the use of the Cistercian order.

MIDLENT SUNDAY, MARCH 1.

The middle or fourth Sunday in Lent was formerly called the Sunday of the five Loaves, the Sunday of Bread, and

the Sunday of Refreshment, in allusion to the gospel appointed for this day. It was also named *Rose-Sunday*, from the pope's carrying a *golden rose* in his hand, which he exhibited to the people in the streets as he went to celebrate the eucharist, and at his return. *Mothering Sunday* is another name attached to this day, from the practice, in Roman Catholic times, of people visiting their *mother-church* on Midlent Sunday. Hence, perhaps, the custom now existing in some parts of England, of children visiting their parents, and presenting them with money, trinkets, or some other trifle. *Furmety* is commonly a rural repast on this day. It is made of whole grains of wheat first parboiled, and then put into and boiled in milk, sweetened and seasoned with spices.

PERPETUA, MARCH 7.

Perpetua, a noble lady of Carthage, only 22 years of age, suffered martyrdom in 203, by order of Minutius Firmianus, under the persecution of the Emperor Severus. In the amphitheatre, Perpetua was exposed to the attacks of a wild cow, and, after being much gored by this animal, she languished for some time, under the wounds given her by a young and unskilful gladiator.

On this day the *Jews* celebrate the festival of *Purim*. In this ceremony the reader recites the whole book of Esther, which, being written on parchment, is spread out in the manner of a letter, in reference to the twenty-sixth verse of the ninth chapter. As often as the reader mentions the name of Haman, it is customary for the children (who have little wooden hammers) to knock against the wall, as a memorial that they should endeavour to destroy the whole seed of Amalek.

SAINT GREGORY, MARCH 12.

Saint Gregory, surnamed the Great, was born about the year 540. He was consecrated Pope about the year 590, and died in 604. Before his advancement to the see, Gregory projected the conversion of the English nation; and, although his offer to this effect was at first refused, he accomplished his wishes after he assumed the papal chair.

SAINT PATRICK, MARCH 17.

The tutelar saint of Ireland was born in the year 371, in a village called *Bonaven Taberniæ*, probably Kilpatrick, in Scotland, between Dunbriton and Glasgow. He is, however, claimed as a Cambrian by Mr. Jones, in his '*Welsh Bards*,' who makes him a native of Caernarvonshire. When sixteen years old, he was carried into captivity by certain barbarians, together with many of his father's vassals and slaves, and was taken to Ireland, where he kept cattle on the mountains and in the forests, in hunger and nakedness, amid snows, rain, and ice. After six months, our saint escaped from this slavery, only to fall into the hands of another master. At length emancipated, he travelled into Gaul and Italy, and spent many years in preparing himself for the holy functions of a priest, studying intensely until his 55th or 60th year. Being successively ordained deacon, priest, and bishop, he received the apostolical benediction from Pope Celestine, and was sent by him, about the beginning of the year 432, to preach the gospel in Ireland. He died at the good old age of 123, and was buried at Down, in Ulster.

'Every day was he wont diligently to sing the entire psalter, with many songs and hymns, and the Apocalypse of the apostle John, and two hundred prayers before God; three hundred times did he bend his knees in adoration of the Lord; every canonical hour of the day did he one hundred times sign himself with the sign of the cross. Nevertheless did he not omit every day worthily and devoutly to offer up unto the Father the sacrifice of the Son; and never ceased he to teach the people, or instruct his disciples.

'And in a wonderful manner dividing the night-season, thus did this wakeful guardian and labourer in the Lord's vineyards distinguish that also. For in the earliest part thereof having with two hundred genuflexions, and one hundred psalms, praised God, then applied he unto study; and in the latter part, he plunged himself into cold water, and raising his heart, his voice, his eyes, and his hands towards heaven, offered he one hundred and fifty prayers.—Afterward he stretched himself on a bare stone,

and of another stone making a pillow, he rested his most sanctified body with a short sleep; or that more clearly we may speak, he refreshed himself unto the labour of his continual conflict.—With such rest indulging, he girded his loins with roughest haircloth, the which had been dipped in cold water.'

The *shamrock* is said to be worn by the Irish, upon the anniversary of this saint, for the following reason: When he preached the gospel to the Pagan Irish, he illustrated the doctrine of the Trinity by showing them a *trefoil*, or three-leaved grass, with one stalk; which operating to their conviction, the shamrock, which is a bundle of this grass, was ever afterwards worn upon this saint's anniversary, to commemorate the event.—*Brand*.

The *Order of St. Patrick* was instituted by George III, in 1783. It consists of the sovereign, a grand master, a prince of the blood royal, and thirteen knights, making in the whole sixteen, and seven officers. The lord lieutenant for the time being is the grand master.

1785.—HENRY KIRKE WHITE BORN,
MARCH 21.

Too, too prophetic did thy wild note swell,
Impassioned minstrel! when its pitying wail
Sighed o'er the vernal primrose as it fell
Untimely, withered by the northern gale.
Thou wert that flower of promise and of prime!
Whose opening bloom 'mid many an adverse blast,
Charmed the lone wanderer through this desert clime,
But charmed him with a rapture soon o'ercast,
To see thee languish into quick decay.
Yet was not thy departing immature!
For ripe in virtue thou wert reft away,
And pure in spirit as the blest are pure;
Pure as the dew-drop, freed from earthly leaven,
That sparkles, is exhaled, and blends with heaven!

PALM SUNDAY, MARCH 22.

In the missals, this day is denominated *Dominica in ramis Palmarum*, or Palm Sunday, and was so called from the palm branches and green boughs formerly distributed on that day, in commemoration of our Lord's riding to Jerusalem. Sprigs of *boxwood* are still used as a substitute for *palms* in Roman Catholic countries.

On this day is still retained the ancient usage of decorating churches and houses with evergreens, &c. It was the custom of the ancient Christian church to represent our Saviour's entry into Jerusalem on this day, by a procession with palms. In this country the buds of the willow, which is one of the earliest marks of

vegetation shown by the trees of this climate, are gathered and adopted for branches of palm. Mr. Bourne says, the branch of palm was used in the country near Jerusalem as an emblem of victory. Our adoption of the willow buds may arise from their being the first bloom which appears in the woods after the close of winter; and might be used also typically, from their bearing testimony of renovation, as a sacred emblem of victory over death.

Much ceremony is still observed by the Greek church in Russia on Palm Sunday. 'On the eve of this day,' says Dr. Clarke, 'all the inhabitants of Moscow resort, in carriages, on horseback, or on foot, to the Kremlin, for the purchase of palm branches, to place before their *Boghs*, or images, and to decorate the sacred pictures in the streets, or elsewhere. It is one of the gayest promenades of the year. The governor attended by the *maître de police*, the commandant, and a train of nobility, go in procession, mounted on fine horses. The streets are lined by spectators; and cavalry are stationed on each side, to preserve order. Arriving at the Kremlin, a vast assembly, bearing artificial *bouquets* and boughs, are seen moving here and there, forming the novel and striking spectacle of a gay and moving forest. The boughs consist of artificial flowers, with fruit. Beautiful representations of oranges and lemons, in wax, are sold for a few *copecks* (an English halfpenny). Upon this occasion, every person who visits the Kremlin, and would be thought a true Christian, purchases one or more of the boughs, called palm-branches.'

ANNUNCIATION OF THE B. V. M., or *Lady Day*, MARCH 25.

This day celebrates the angel's message to the Virgin Mary, respecting our Blessed Lord. She was, probably, an only child, and but fifteen years of age when espoused to Joseph. She died A. D. 48, being about 60 years old.

MARCH 26, 1812.—GREAT EARTHQUAKE
AT THE CARACCAS.

The first commotion took place at five o'clock in the afternoon. The air was calm, the heat excessive: nothing preceded or announced such a catastro-

phe. A shaking was first perceived, strong enough to set the bells of the church a-ringing: it lasted about six seconds, and was followed by an interval of ten or twelve seconds, during which the earth exhibited an undulation similar to the motion of the sea in a calm: the crisis was then supposed to have passed; but immediately, extraordinary subterraneous noises were heard, and electrical discharges infinitely stronger than atmospheric thunder; the earth was agitated with a quickness which cannot be described, and seemed to boil like water when subjected to the heat of a very strong fire: there was then a perpendicular rumbling or *etrepitus* for about three or four seconds, followed by agitations in an opposite direction from north to south, and from east to west, for three or four seconds also. This short but awful period was sufficient to overturn the whole city of Caraccas, with upwards of thirty towns, and the country houses and numerous establishments spread over the surface of that delightful province! In an instant, all was destroyed to an extent of 300 miles, and 80,000 inhabitants ceased to live, while thousands were dreadfully wounded!

MAUNDY THURSDAY, MARCH 26.

This day is called in Latin *dies Mandati*, the day of the command, being the day on which our Lord washed the feet of his disciples, as recorded in the second lesson. This practice was long kept up in the monasteries. After the ceremony, liberal donations were made to the poor, of clothing and of silver money, and refreshment was given them to mitigate the severity of the fast. On the 15th April, 1731 (Maundy Thursday), the *Archbishop of York* washed the feet of a certain number of poor persons. James II was the last king who performed this in person. A relic of this custom is still preserved in the donations dispensed at St. James's on this day.

The following is an account of the ceremony on Maundy Thursday, 1814. 'On this day the annual royal donations were distributed at Whitehall Chapel. In the morning, the Sub-almoner, and the secretary to the Lord High Almoner,

and others, belonging to the Lord Chamberlain's office, attended by a party of the yeomen of the guard, distributed to seventy-five poor women, and seventy-five poor men, being as many as the king is years old, a quantity of salt fish, consisting of salmon, cod, and herrings, pieces of very fine beef, five loaves of bread, and some ale to drink the king's health. At three o'clock they assembled again, the men on one side the chapel, and the women on the other. A procession entered, of those engaged in the ceremony, consisting of a party of yeomen of the guard, one of them carrying a large gold dish on his head, containing 150 bags, with seventy-five silver pennies in each, for the poor people, which was placed in the royal closet. They were followed by the sub-almoner in his robes, with a sash of fine linen over his shoulder and crossing his waist. He was followed by two boys, two girls, the secretary, and another gentleman, with similar sashes, &c. &c. all carrying large nosegays. The church evening service was then performed, at the conclusion of which the silver pennies were distributed, and woollen cloth, linen, shoes and stockings, to the men and women; and according to antient custom, a cup of wine to drink the king's health.'

At Rome, Maundy Thursday is a day of great parade. The altar of the Capella Paolina is illuminated with more than 4000 wax tapers; and the pope and cardinals come thither in procession, bringing the sacrament along with them, and leaving it there. Next follows the august ceremony of the benediction, and afterwards the pope washes the feet of some pilgrims, and serves them at dinner.

The second grand ceremony at Moscow takes place on this day at noon, when the archbishop washes the feet of the apostles. The priests appeared in their most gorgeous apparel. Twelve monks, designed to represent the twelve apostles, were placed (in the cathedral) in a semicircle before the archbishop.—

The archbishop, performing all and much more than is related of our Saviour in the 13th chapter of St. John, takes off his robes, girds up his loins with a towel, and proceeds to wash the feet of them all until he comes to the representative of

Peter, who rises ; and the same interloction takes place between him and the archbishop, which is said to have taken place between our Saviour and that apostle.'—*Clarke's Rus.*

GOOD FRIDAY, MARCH 27.

This day commemorates the sufferings of Christ, as a propitiation for our sins. Holy Friday, or the Friday in Holy Week, was its more antient and general appellation; the name Good Friday is peculiar to the English church. It was observed as a day of extraordinary devotion.

On this night, in St. Peter's at Rome, 'the hundred lamps that burn over the tomb of the apostle are extinguished, and a stupendous cross of light appears suspended from the dome, between the altar and the nave, shedding over the whole edifice a soft lustre delightful to the eye and highly favourable to picturesque representations. This exhibition is supposed to have originated in the sublime imagination of Michael Angelo, and who beholds it will acknowledge that it is not unworthy of the inventor. The magnitude of the cross hanging as if self-supported, and like a meteor streaming in the air; the blaze that it pours fourth; the mixture of light and shade cast on the pillars, arches, statues and altars; the crowd of spectators placed in all the different attitudes of curiosity, wonder and devotion; the processions with their banners and crosses gliding successively in silence along the nave and kneeling around the altar; the penitents of all nations and dresses collected in groupes near the confessionals of their respective languages; a cardinal occasionally advancing through the crowd, and, as he kneels, humbly bending his head to the pavement; in fine, the pontiff himself, without pomp or pageantry, prostrate before the altar, offering up his adorations in silence, form a scene singularly striking by a happy mixture of tranquillity and animation, of darkness and light, of simplicity and majesty.'—*Eustace's Tour in Italy.*

EASTER EVE, MARCH 28.

Particular mortifications were enjoined to the earliest Christians on this day. From the third century, the fast was indispensable and rigid, being protracted

always to midnight, sometimes to the cock-crowing, and sometimes to the dawn of Easter day; and the whole of the day and night was employed in religious affairs.

EASTER DAY, OR EASTER SUNDAY, 29.

Easter is styled by the fathers the highest of all festivals, the feast of feasts, the queen of festivals, and *Dominica Gaudii*, the joyous Sunday. Masters granted freedom to their slaves at this season, and valuable presents were made to the poor.

The third and most magnificent ceremony of all those performed at Moscow, is that of '*The Resurrection*,' which is celebrated two hours after midnight, on the morning of Easter Sunday. 'We hastened to the CATHEDRAL (observes Dr. Clarke), which was filled with a prodigious assembly of all ranks and sexes, bearing lighted wax tapers, to be afterwards heaped as vows on the different shrines. The walls, ceilings, and every part of this building, are covered by the pictures of saints and martyrs. In the moment of our arrival the doors were shut: and on the outside appeared PLATO, the archbishop, preceded by banners and torches, and followed by all his train of priests; with crucifixes and censers, who were making three times, in procession, the tour of the cathedral; chaunting with loud voices, and glittering in sumptuous vestments, covered with gold, silver, and precious stones. The snow had not melted so rapidly in the Kremlin as in the streets of the city; and this magnificent procession was therefore constrained to move upon planks over the deep mud which surrounded the cathedral. After completing the third circuit, they all halted opposite the great doors, which were shut; and the archbishop, with a censer, scattered incense against the doors, and over the priests. Suddenly those doors were opened, and the effect was beyond description grand. The immense throng of spectators within, bearing innumerable tapers, formed two lines, through which the archbishop entered, advancing with his train to a throne near the centre. The profusion of lights in all parts of the cathedral, and, among others, of the enormous chandelier which hung from the

centre, the richness of the dresses, and the vastness of the assembly, filled us with astonishment. Having joined the suite of the archbishop, we accompanied the procession, and passed even to the throne, on which the police officers permitted us to stand, among the priests, near an embroidered stool of satin placed for the archbishop. The loud chorus, which burst forth at the entrance to the church, continued as the procession moved towards the throne, and after the archbishop had taken his seat.

'Soon after, the archbishop descended, and went all round the cathedral; first offering incense to the priest, and then to the people as he passed along. When he had returned to his seat, the priests, two by two, performed the same ceremony, beginning with the archbishop, who rose and made obeisance with a lighted taper in his hand. From the moment the church doors were opened, the spectators continued bowing their heads and crossing themselves; insomuch, that some of the people seemed really exhausted by the constant motion of the head and hands.

'I had now leisure to examine the dresses and figures of the priests, which were certainly the most striking I ever saw. Their long dark hair, without powder, fell down in ringlets, or straight and thick, over their robes and shoulders. Their dark thick beards, also, entirely covered their breasts. On the heads of the archbishop and bishops were high caps, covered with gems, and adorned by miniature paintings, set in jewels, of the Crucifixion, the Virgin, and the Saints. Their robes of various coloured satin were of the most costly embroidery; and even on these were miniature pictures set with precious stones. After two hours had been spent in various ceremonies, the archbishop advanced, holding forth a cross, which all the people crowded to embrace, squeezing each other nearly to suffocation. As soon, however, as their eagerness had been somewhat satisfied, he retired to the sacristy; where, putting on a plain purple robe, he again advanced, exclaiming three times in a very loud voice, *Christ is risen!*

'The most remarkable part of the solemnity now followed. The arch-

bishop, descending into the body of the church, concluded the whole ceremony by crawling round the pavement on his hands and knees, kissing the consecrated pictures, whether on the pillars, the walls, the altars, or the tombs; the priests and all the people imitating his example. Sepulchres were opened, and the mummied bodies of incorruptible saints exhibited, all of which underwent the same general kissing.'

EASTER MONDAY AND TUESDAY, MARCH
30 and 31.

Every day in this week was formerly observed as a religious festival, sermons being preached and the sacrament administered. In many places, servants were permitted to rest from their usual employments, that they might constantly attend public worship. During fifteen days, of which the paschal solemnity consisted, the courts of justice were shut, and all public games, shows and amusements, were prohibited: it is unnecessary to observe, that this practice has long ceased, and that the Easter week is usually devoted to relaxation and amusement.

'At Moscow, after the grand ceremony of the Resurrection is completed, riot and debauchery instantly break loose; no meetings take place, of any kind, without repeating the expressions of peace and joy, *Christos voscress!* Christ is risen! to which the answer always is the same, *Vo istiney voscress!* He is risen indeed! On *Easter Monday* begins the presentation of the Paschal eggs: lovers to their mistresses, relatives to each other, servants to their masters, all bring ornamented eggs. Every offering, at this season, is called a Paschal egg. The meanest pauper in the street, presenting an egg, and repeating the words *Christos voscress*, may demand a salute even of the empress. All business is laid aside; the upper ranks are engaged in visiting, balls, dinners, suppers, masquerades; while boors fill the air with their songs, or roll drunk about the streets. Servants appear in new and tawdry liveries, and carriages in the most sumptuous parade.'—*Clarke*.

We have already noticed the strange custom of *Heaving* practised on this day in the north of England. The follow-

ing extract, from a letter sent to Mr. BRAND, the antiquarian, by a respectable gentleman, in the year 1799, thus speaks of the custom. 'I was sitting alone last Easter Tuesday, at breakfast, at the Talbot, in Shrewsbury, when I was surprised by the entrance of all the female servants of the house, handing in an arm-chair, lined with white, and decorated with ribbons and favours of different colours. On asking what they wanted, their answer was, "they came to *heave* me: it was the custom of the place on that morning, and they hoped I would take a seat in their chair." It was impossible not to comply with a request very modestly made, and to a set of nymphs in their

best apparel, and several of them under twenty. I wished to see all the ceremony, and seated myself accordingly. The fair group then lifted me from the ground, turned the chair about, and I had the felicity of a salute from each. I told them, I supposed there was a fine due upon the occasion, and was answered in the affirmative, and, having satisfied the damsels, they withdrew to heave others. At this time I had never heard of such a custom; but, on inquiry, I found that on Easter Monday, between nine and twelve, the men heave the women in the same manner as on the Tuesday, between the same hours, the women heave the men.'—See *Popular Antiquities*, 4to. ed.

VARIETIES :

CRITICAL, LITERARY, AND HISTORICAL.

VESTIGE OF FEUDAL BARBARISM.

From the Literary Gazette, Nov. 22, 1817.

A VERY singular trial in the King's Bench has this week excited considerable and deserved attention. It is what is called "An Appeal of Murder," brought by the nearest of kin to Mary Ashford, against Abraham Thornton, who was tried for that offence and acquitted in May last. This sort of action is a civil suit, founded on the barbarous precedent of dark, ignorant and feudal times! when single combat, and walking over burning ploughshares, and dipping the flesh in boiling oil, were resorted to as the tests of guilt and innocence; when wicked force had these means of disguising its atrocities, and credulous superstition was taught to expect a miracle, and special interposition of the Divinity in every quarrel which human cunning or folly chose to put upon a criterion so monstrous. It is scarcely possible to believe that in the nineteenth century we should have so lamentable an exhibition of the absurdity of our legal system, as the revival of this obsolete and impious practice affords. Yet so it is: to our reproach be it spoken, the accused threw down his gauntlet in the Court of King's Bench, and challenged the brother of the murdered girl to prove him guilty by single combat!! The case is to be further proceeded in this day, as it required six days' consideration of the Bench and Bar

to know how to act under the circumstances we have noticed. Thornton is, it seems, a muscular stout man, Ashford the appellant a slender and weakly boy; otherwise, for aught stated to the contrary, it does not appear that the Court would have held itself justified in preventing the intolerable reproach of having this battle actually waged to decide the cause! Indeed Lord Ellenborough declared that if Thornton killed the appellant under the sanction of the law, it would not be murder:—murder in him it might not strictly and morally be: but, with great deference to the eminent judge, we hold that in such an event *the law itself would be guilty of the foulest murder.*

NEW WORK.

From the Monthly Magazine, Oct. 1817.

Evening Hours; a Collection of Original Poems. 1817.

To our poetical readers we have to recommend this small volume. It is, as we learn from the preface, the production of very early years; but, as we gather from the perusal, such a work as later years would have no reason to disavow. In an address "to the Genius of Poesy, there is a current of feeling which proves the author to be intimately acquainted with the subject on which he writes. One line struck us as peculiarly happy, in which night is styled the hour—

— "When the world
With its own hum has lulled itself to sleep."

The following sonnet is no bad specimen of the writer's turn of thought, and of his versification, which is remarkably flowing, and free from faults. It furnishes also an excellent answer to that wretched coldness of remonstrance, which imagines it can stay our tears, by telling us of their fruitlessness.

"Some tell me it is foolishness to weep,
For days imprisoned with the ages sped,
Or heave the sigh to think my pleasures fled,
And that how short the time ere I must sleep
In a cold charnel-house where worms do creep,
And trail with slimy fold across the dead ;
Yet who would not for a companion steep
In ever-burning tears his aching head,
Were he to pace some church-yard, and a tomb
In the mute eloquence of sculpture told
Where was the friend he should no more behold !
And shall I see the ever fatal plume
Wave o'er the sepulchre of former years,
Nor consecrate their memory with my tears ?"

We feel equally certain that the sub-joined extract will fully justify our warmth of praise.

MORNING—A Fragment.

—"Aurora, daughter of the dawn,
With rosy lustre streak'd the dewy lawn."

"'Twas morn—and from the East the sun had shed
His glowing beams, and ting'd the mountains red ;
The dancing mists in swift succession flew,
Chas'd by the early breeze that softly blew
Along the swelling hills ;—the yellow beam
Smil'd on the forest, sparkled on the stream,
And gaily laughing at the conquer'd night,
Display'd on every spire the grateful light.
The pearly drops, that bent the blooming thorn,
Started from slumber with the opening morn,
And from the green leaves dropping, spread around
Delightful fragrance on the daisied ground ;
While oft, responsive to the woodman's stroke,
The clear-ton'd echoes of the hills awoke—
The cheerful lark, high mounting, hail'd the day,
And carol'd in mid air his matin lay :
Seeking his scatter'd flocks, and whistling loud,
The sturdy shepherd call'd his bleating crowd :
With frequent pause he stopp'd—and gazing high—
Admir'd the orient beauties of the sky ;
And, steadfast viewing, breath'd the silent prayer—
When all his toils were past t' inhabit there."

MENTAL WEAKNESS.

From the London Literary Gazette.

If implicit credit can be given to the following statement, it is highly deserving of attention at the present moment, when so many plans are in agitation respecting that melancholy affliction of the human mind. In the Netherlands there is a village called Gheel, four-fifths of the inhabitants of which are out of their mind, but who however enjoy their liberty. This singular fact requires an explanation. About half a century ago the magistrates

of Antwerp, moved by the wretched situation of the many insane persons, all shut up together in one and the same building, obtained from the government permission to have them conveyed to the village of Gheel, where they were distributed among the inhabitants, who received an ample recompence for their trouble. This village was chosen upon mature deliberation. Being surrounded on every side by an extensive heath, the situation of the place made the superintendence of the patients very easy, and two or three professional persons were sufficient to take care of this assemblage of idiots and maniacs who were permitted freedom of exercise, and were called back by a bell to their lodgings every noon and evening. Wholesome diet, pure fresh air, constant exercise, and the apparent liberty of their mode of life, all together had such a happy effect that a great part of those first sent recovered in the course of a year. We shall feel obliged to any of our Brussels' readers for further inquiry and information upon this interesting subject.

A RUSSIAN ANECDOTE.

At St. Petersburg, there are every winter during Lent several masquerades, there called *Ridottos*, which are always numerously attended ; but differ so far from ours, that there is no dancing. The company stroll in their disguise through the crowd in the saloon, see, hear, and talk. They then go to the adjoining apartments, and call for what refreshments they please. Each party takes a table for itself, and generally one of the company treats the others, and pays for those who accompany him.

It happened, that there was a party of seven persons, in one of these rooms, who ordered a supper and wine at ten silver roubles per head. One of the company, as usual, gave the orders to the waiter. The party were very merry, and seemed to enjoy the supper.

When the dishes and bottles were empty, the guests one after another rose from table, and went into the saloon. There were already five gone ; and two still remained sitting, apparently in earnest conversation. Will not the people soon pay ? thought the landlord ; and ordered the waiter to have a watchful eye on the last, that he might not slip

away. But the sixth also went, and disappeared in the saloon. The seventh remained, but seemed to be asleep. This is the paymaster ! said the waiter, and kept his eye constantly upon him. The man still seemed to sleep. After many hours had elapsed, and the rooms and saloon began to become deserted and

empty, the waiter went to the guest to awake him ; but who can describe his affright, when he found the sitting person a man of straw !

The next day, however, the amount of the bill was sent, the whole having been meant only as a joke upon the landlord.

POETRY.

From the Literary Gazette, Oct. 25, 1817.

THE DEAD SEA.

THE wind blows chill across those gloomy waves---

Oh how unlike the green and dancing main !
The surge is foul, as if it rolled o'er graves ;---
Stranger ! here lie the CITIES OF THE PLAIN !

Yes ; on that waste, by wild waves covered now,

Rose palace proud, and sparkling pinnacle :
On pomp and festival beam'd morning's glow ;
On pomp and festival the twilight fell.

Lovely, and splendid all ;---but Sodom's soul
Was stained with blood, and pride, and perjury ;

Long warned, long spared, till her whole heart
was foul,

And fiery vengeance on its clouds came nigh.

And still she mocked, and danced, and taunting spoke

Her sportive blasphemies against the
THRONE :---

It came !---the thunder on her slumber broke,
God spake the word of wrath---her dream
was done !

Yet, in her final night, amid her stood
Immortal messengers, and pausing Heaven
Pleaded with man, but she was quite embroiled !
Her last hour waned, she scorned to be forgiven !

'Twas done !---down poured at once the sulphurous shower ;

Down stooped in flame the heaven's red canopy ;

Oh, for the arm of God in that fierce hour !

'Twas vain ; nor help of God or man was nigh.

They rush, they bound, they howl ! the men of sin !

Still stooped the cloud, still burst the thicker blaze ;

The earthquake heaved ! then sank the hideous din---

Yon wave of darkness o'er their ashes strays.

PARIS ! thy soul is deeper dyed with blood,
And long and blasphemous has been thy day ;

And PARIS, it were well for thee, that flood
Or fire could cleanse thy damning stains away.

Oct. 1817.

PULCI.

From the Gentleman's Magazine.

SONNET TO PHŒBUS :

BY EDWARD LORD THURLOW.

PHŒBUS, whose lieges the great Poets are,
Whose fire doth ripen their creative heads,

And giveth light, and love to all, that treads
The earth, or cleaves the wave, or wings the air ;

Whose lovely torch, divine, and regular,
Sweet flowers, rich fruits doth waken in their beds,

And groves, and woods ; and day resplendent sheds

O'er heaven, and earth, with glory circular :
The rosy-bosom'd Hours now chant along

Thy golden chariot nearer to the earth :

Thou marchest, like a bridegroom, fair, and strong ;

Thou causest, that of light we have no dearth ;
O Phœbus, bless us ripe, and bless us long ;
That hadst in Jove's own lap, thy perfect birth !

From the Literary Panorama, November 1817.

THE ARAB'S TENT.

[See the "*Anecdotes of Arab Hospitality*," in p. 295 of our last Volume.]

LAND of the Sun ! on whose swart brow
The beams of cloudless splendour glow,
Where mountains towering towards thy sky
Frown from their cloudy canopy ;

And torrents leaping from thy hills
Gush in ten thousand fountain rills ;

Where earth's remote foundations reel,
Shook by thy deaf'ning thunder peal,

And the dun Simoom's mortal breath
Bears on its wings the blush of death ;

Where softer beauties charm the sense
And glow in such pre-eminence,

The pilgrim in thy groves might swear
Another Paradise were there ;

Where every mountain glen between
The palm-tree's stately stem is seen,

And countless flowers of rainbow hues
Bathe in thy soft ambrosial dews,

And birds of plumage fair and bright
In golden tints of varying light,

Sport gayly thro' thy perfum'd groves
And warble their untutor'd loves ;

Where, stalking thro' thy forest shades
The stately lion haunts thy glades,

And the light panther bounds away
To bask upon the lap of day,

And man---of passion fierce and wild,
Untutor'd nature's genuine child,

10

20

Pursues the chace, nor fears to stray,
 As savage and as fierce as they;
 Unconquer'd land!--tho' mid thy plains
 Fell rapine stalks--subjection reigns,
 Thy stubborn bosom spurns the yoke!
 Thy forests mock the woodman's stroke--
 Thy wastes uncultur'd, widely glow
 Unbroken by the lab'ring plough,
 Proudly, in rich luxuriance
 Shines forth thy wild magnificence,
 The sun, from whom thy treasures flow,
 The only sovereign thou wilt know!
 And such the free-born tide that rolls
 Unmingled in thy children's souls;
 Like the unshackled whirlwind's breath
 Their life:--and like its pause their death;
 Their's are wild spirits, hearts of fire
 Kindled alike by love or ire,
 Where generous feelings strongly beat
 And honour holds her spotless seat;
 Yet where unsparing rancour dwells,
 And vengeance, in her secret cells,
 Breathes the fell sentence, ne'er forgiven
 By thought of earth, or hope of heaven!
 Yet sometimes o'er the savage scene
 A beam of brightness plays between
 And virtues of a milder clime
 In these stern souls becomes sublime:
 And in the self-same race, we see
 How great--how little--man can be!
 The sun is set--the dewy shower
 Blesses each craving herb and flower,
 And there beneath the palm-tree's shade,
 Where almond blossoms scent the glade,
 And trembling on the moonlight way
 The light mimosa waves her spray,
 Where the fresh stream brightsparkling shoots
 Around the willow's silvered roots,
 Then in soft murmurs steals away
 To sleep in Luna's palest ray;
 'Tis there the Arab's tent is spread:--
 The camel's cry--the hurried tread
 Have died upon the list'ning ear--
 But rising soft and murmuring near
 A sweeter melody has sprung,
 Floating the listening glades among:--
 Each sound is still'd--each accent mute,
 For Zeila tunes her warbling lute,
 Delight upon the echoes hung,
 As thus the beauteous minstrel sung:--

1.

"Seest thou the moonbeam on yon silver stream?"

"Calmly it slumbers on the dimpled wave;

"Such and so bright is passion's tender dream,

"It decks the morn of life, and smiles upon the grave!"

2.

"The beam of blooming youth's unsullied brow,

"The trembling light of beauty's downcast eye,

"O! these are spells that chase the sigh of woe,

"And spread, o'er sorrowing hearts, their nameless witchery."

3.

"Behold the rose upon her waving throne--

"Love tints her brow with his own blushing hue,"

"Breathes o'er her form a freshness all his own,"

"And bathes her balmy breast with evening's softest dew."

4.

"List to the warbling nightingale--she soars

"Far from the haunts of man, the bustling throng,

"Love breathes in every thrilling note she pours,

"And fills, with soft complaints, the burthen of her song."

5.

"His spirit floats upon the perfumed gale,
 "That murmurs through our soft Arabian groves,

"Listen! his sighs steal o'er th' enamour'd vale,
 "And e'en th' embracing boughs confess their spotless loves."

It paus'd---that voice so sweet and clear,
 Yet still it held enchain'd the ear,
 The rock---the stream---the hill---the grove
 Return'd the melody of love,
 Till the last echo gently died
 Entranc'd upon the silver tide,
 Where on its breast the moonlight ray
 Sparkles in undulating play,
 By its soft light in pensive mood
 Spent and benighted Selim stood---
 Enrapt by the sweet sounds that stole
 Like balm upon his weary soul.

"Was it that, in a scene like this,
 "Bright Houries from the bowers of bliss
 "Had wing'd to earth their radiant flight,
 "To charm the list'ning ear of night?"

The magic minstrel he pursued,
 And by the tent the chieftain stood,
 He ask'd relief--he ask'd repose---
 And when did gen'rous Arab close }
 The veiled tent to suppliant foes? }
 Abdallah spread before his guest
 Of fruits the choicest and the best,
 The fleecy lamb for him was slain,
 For him the nectar of the plain
 Refresh'd the unexpected guest,
 And mantled at the simple feast;
 Each tells his tale; each asks of news:--
 The Pacha's force--the Pacha's views:
 The Mecca pilgrims' lengthen'd train
 The well of Zemzem;--and the plain
 Where the great Prophet's vengeful sword
 Perform'd the purpose of the Lord.

The stranger tells of lofty deeds---
 Again--in thought--the battle bleeds;
 "Bright was the day, and proud the story,
 "When early conquest dawned in glory!"
 "When on stern Musa's cloven crest
 "He wrote the vengeance of his breast;
 "Vengeance! oh not the flowing bowl
 "Is half so grateful to the soul!"

"The cup we quaff--the song we hear,
 "Is not so sweet to lip and ear,
 "As Musa's life-blood flowing fast,
 "And that deep groan which told his last!"

'Twas thus the vengeful Arab said:--
 A flickering paleness overspread
 Abdallah's dark and beetling brow,
 And then the fierce impetuous glow
 Rush'd wildly boiling from the brain,
 And throbb'd in every swelling vein:
 His hand across his brow he past,
 Anon a hurried look he cast
 On high,--in that brief, mute appeal
 There dwelt a language all can feel,
 But to express--a tongue of fire
 Would falter at that tale of ire!

His brow again is calm--to rest
 The storm is lulled within his breast;
 The guest marked not that changing mood:
 And now the pause of solitude
 Falls on the tent--and sleep has spread
 Her curtain o'er the stranger's head.
 But the host slept not--thrice he drew
 The glittering sabre forth to view--

He seized his bow--its strength he tried,
 And girt the dagger to his side;
 Oh! how he watch'd the wane of night!
 The moon with her too placid light

Calmed not *his* soul, he cursed her ray
 And languished for the blush of day---
 It almost dawns---the wavering sky
 Announces morning's opening nigh.
 Beside the tent, of matchless speed,
 Stands ready armed, a noble steed,
 His rein is in Abdallah's hand,
 Th' impatient courser paws the sand,
 And gazing towards the eastern vale
 Snuffs, with keen sense, the cheering gale,
 Then snorting, spurns the ground again
 And shakes his widely floating main;
 The guest's departing words express'd
 The grateful language of his breast.
 But what the last adieu that hung
 Upon Abdallah's faltering tongue?
 He held the stirrup to his guest,
 Warm friendship's honorable test,
 But stern his brow and dark his eye;---
 The brief, and would-be-calm reply,
 The rising anger ill repress'd,
 And smother'd in his heaving breast,
 The proud cold courtesy, declare
 Th' indignant feelings boiling there!
 When the last offices were paid
 On Selim's arm his hand he laid,
 And with a changing cheek---an eye
 Flashing with silent energy,
 Thus he bespoke him----"Look on high---
 "The sun-beam o'er the morning sky
 "Early and faint, not yet has thrown
 "The splendour of its blushing zone;
 "But---mark me stranger!--ere that ray
 "Smiles on the golden prime of day,
 "Thy life is forfeit---start not---fly!
 "For in this wide earth thou and I
 "May breathe no more;---that hand of thine
 "Once link'd in friendship's clasp with mine,
 "Is red, polluted, by the flood
 "The life-stream of my father's blood!
 "Know! that his dear and sacred name
 "Has been traduced by lying fame!
 "And shall the source that gave me birth
 "Sink unrevenged in the deep earth?
 "No! ev'ry drop that thou hast shed
 "Stranger! must fall upon thy head---
 "Last night thou wert my guest---but now
 "Thou know'st the sentence---know my vow,
 "My soul is bound from early day
 "E'en to the sun's expiring ray,
 "To seek the murderer;---Thou art he!
 "Enough---the dawn is brightening---flee---
 "I do not mount a fleeter steed---
 "Away---thy life is on thy speed!"

Forward the Arab courser sprung,
 Free to the winds his rider flung
 The floating reins---his nervous hand
 Unconscious grasped the friendly brand,
 Lightly the sandy waste he passed;
 Swift as the whirlwind's stormy blast
 His fierce pursuer's steed he hears,
 His hard hoofs clatter in his ears!
 The sound grows faint---he breathes again,
 And skims alone the sandy plain;
 See! see! the friendly ensigns rise
 And float upon the ruddy skies,
 Yonder the camp's white tents are spread,
 But hark! again the approaching tread
 Falls on his ear---away! away!
 Oh for the fleeting wings of day!
 Nearer and nearer o'er the plains
 Abdallah's steed each moment gains;
 The tumults of the camp arise
 In mingled clamour to the skies,
 The Moor passed on---he spurned the ground,
 'Twas life itself, that cheering sound!
 But still the avenger hover'd near,
 He knew not pity, toil or fear,

And like the eagle o'er his prey,
 Hung on the stranger's vent'rous way.
 The phalanx of the armed lines
 150 Bright in the morning sun-light shines,
 But he would rush upon the spear,
 Thro' seas of blood his progress steer,
 To taste, but for a moment's breath,
 The sweetness of revenge in death;
 In vain! the friendly van-guard passed,
 Its shout is pealing on the blast;
 The race is o'er---mid friendly hands
 Safe and unharmed the Arab stands,
 But years can never wear away
 160 The memory of that well-known day.
 Did he not earn an honour'd grave
 That foe so gen'rous and so brave?

From the European Magazine.

FOUND IN A CASE CONTAINING A HUMAN SKELETON.

[By the Author of *Courey*, *Legends of Lampedusa*, &c.]

BEHOLD this ruin! 'Twas a skull
 Once of ethereal spirit full!
 This narrow cell was life's retreat:
 This space was Thought's mysterious seat!
 What beauteous pictures fill'd this spot!
 What dreams of pleasure long forgot!
 Nor Love, nor Joy, nor Hope, nor Fear,
 Has left one trace or record here!

Beneath this mould'ring canopy
 Once shone the bright and busy eye---
 But start not at the dismal void!--
 If social love that eye employ'd;
 If with no lawless fire it gleam'd,
 But through the dew of kindness beam'd;
 That eye shall be forever bright,
 When stars and suns have lost their light!

Here, in this silent cavern, hung
 The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue;
 If Falsehood's honey it disdain'd,
 And where it could not praise, was chain'd;
 If bold in Virtue's cause it spoke,
 Yet gentle Concord never broke;
 That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee
 When Death unveils eternity!

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,
 Or with its envied rubies shine?
 To hew the rock, or wear the gem,
 Can nothing now avail to them:
 But, if the page of Truth they sought,
 Or comfort to the mourner brought,
 These hands a richer meed shall claim
 Than all that waits on Wealth or Fame!

Avails it whether bare or shod
 These feet the path of duty trod,
 If from the bow'rs of joy they fled,
 To sooth Affliction's humble bed;
 If Grandeur's guilty bribe they spurn'd,
 And home to Virtue's lap return'd;
 These feet with Angel wings shall vie,
 And tread the palace of the sky!

* * * * *

From the Monthly Magazine, Nov. 1817.

TRANSLATION FROM HORACE.

ODE XIV. LIB. 2.

O POSTHUMUS! alas, alas!
 How swift the fleeting moments pass;
 Nor can Religion's pow'r
 Retard fell Death's resistless blow,
 The hoary head, the wrinkled brow,
 Or thwart our fatal hour.

No---should'st thou, each succeeding day,
To hell's relentless monarch slay
A three-fold hecatomb ;
Who by his iron-hand restrains
Giants in adamant chains,
Ingulph'd in Stygian gloom.

For all who Nature's bounty share---
The king, the husbandman, the fair---
Must yield to Death's domain :
In vain we shun, enwrap in ease
Th' hoarse-sounding Adriatic seas,
Or blood-stain'd battle-plain.

In vain we shun the autumnal gale,
O'er lazy Styx we soon must sail,
(To Pluto's realms we speed ;)
Where Danaus' race unceasing toils,
And Sisyphus, whose stone recoils,
Revolving o'er his head.

Thy wife, thy land, thy groves of trees,
Must all be left ; and none of these
Their short-liv'd lord shall have ;
Except the hateful cypress boughs,
Whose verdure shall alone diffuse
Their fragrance o'er thy grave.

Soon shalt thou to a worthier heir
Resign thy wealth, and sumptuous fare ;
And wines of choicest store,

Better than feasts pontifical,
(Or those of sewer or seneschal)
Shall stain the costly floor.

From the European Magazine.

THE TEAR.

ON Laura's bosom blush'd a rose,
Fresh bath'd in dew of summer's morn ;
Its tints might rival even those
Which youthful beauty's cheek adorn,
But, oh ! its fragrance all had flown,
And Laura's lip confess'd the theft ;
Its leaves in silence sigh'd alone,
That not one balmy sweet was left.
Woe told its tale, and in her eye
Shone melting Pity's trembling tear ;
The radiant gem of sympathy,
So wildly bright,—so purely clear.
It paused, then softly traced its way
Until it found a home of rest ;
And glittering on the flower it lay,
Whose pillow was fair Laura's breast,
An angel caught the tear, and then,
With golden pinions soar'd on high,
Where loved of angels, blest of men,
It shines a star in Evening's sky.

LONDON INTELLIGENCE.

From the New Monthly Magazine, Nov. 1817.

IN one of our late numbers we announced the intended publication of the *ENCYCLOPEDIA METROPOLITANA*, and are now desirous to call the attention of our readers to some of the peculiar claims which this undertaking prefers to public patronage. The most striking is the arrangement.—It is justly observed in the Prospectus that—"the inapplicability of a strictly scientific method to a modern Encyclopædia, has led to the abandonment of all principle of rational arrangement ; and it may be safely asserted of all our Universal Dictionaries hitherto, that the chief difference between them, in respect of their plan, consists in the more or less complete disorganization of the Sciences and Systematic Arts. Nor has the imperfection rested here. The position of those alphabetical fragments into which the whole system of human knowledge has been splintered, was but too frequently determined by the caprice or convenience of the compiler. The division of parts into minor parts had no settled limit ; and the arrangement became neither properly scientific, nor properly alphabetical. It had the inconveniences of both, without the advantages of either." To remedy these inconveniences, of which those who, like ourselves have had frequent occasion to refer to such collections, must be thoroughly sensible, it is proposed to give to the forth-coming work the twofold advantage of a philosophical and alphabetical arrangement. To the *Introduction* "On the Laws and Regulative Principles of Education," will succeed the *Pure Sciences*, Grammar and Philology, Logic and Mathematics: Metaphysics, Morals and Theology, in 2 vols. The *Mixed Sciences*, Mechanics, Hydrostatics, Pneumatics, Optics and Astronomy, will occupy one volume ; the *Applied Sciences*, 5 volumes, divided between Experimental Philosophy, the Fine Arts, the Use-

ful Arts, Natural History, and the Application of Natural History, which last will embrace Anatomy, Surgery, Materia Medica, Pharmacy and Medicine. The third division, in 8 volumes, will comprise Biography, chronologically arranged, with National History, Political Geography and Chronology. The fourth division, in 8 volumes, will contain a Gazetteer of Geography, and a Philosophical and Etymological Lexicon of the English Language: the citations arranged according to the age of the works from which they are selected. The Index, occupying the last volume, will be a digested body of reference to the whole work, in which the English as well as the scientific name of every subject of Natural History will be given. Such is the general outline of arrangement which will distinguish this *ENCYCLOPEDIA* from all its predecessors. Its projectors moreover pledge themselves to the rigid exclusion of the false philosophy of the age, which has perverted similar publications, that ought to be devoted to the arts and sciences, into vehicles of licentiousness, materialism, and infidelity. The work will be published in parts or half-volumes, at the rate of one at least every three months, and the first will appear on the 1st of January 1818.

From the European Magazine.

POTATOES.

The following important discoveries of uses to which the Potatoe-plant may be applied, have been lately made in France. The preparation of Potass is a simple process, and promises the greatest advantage to the cultivators. We trust the experiment will be tried in England ; its success would be of infinite utility to our manufactures :—

On the Distillation of Spirits of Wine (Alcohol) from Potatoes.

A French lady, the Countess de N****, whom political events compelled to change

her chateau, on the banks of the Saone, for a cottage eight leagues from Viana---has established, on the small farm she occupies, a distillation of brandy from potatoes; which she has found to be very lucrative. The brandy of 20 degrees of Reaumur is very pure, and has neither taste nor smell different from that produced by the distillation of grapes. The method she employs is very simple, and within every person's reach.

Take 100lb. of potatoes, well washed, dress them by steam, and let them be bruised to powder with a roller, &c. In the mean time, take 4lb. of ground malt, steep it in luke-warm water, and then pour it into the fermenting back, and pour on it twelve quarts of boiling water; this water is stirred about, and the bruised potatoes thrown in and well stirred about with wooden rakes, till every part of the potatoes is well saturated with the liquor.

Immediately six or eight ounces of yeast is to be mixed with 28 gallons of water, of a proper warmth to make the whole mass of the temperature of from 12 to 15 degrees of Reaumur; there is to be added half a pint to a pint of good brandy.

The fermenting back must be placed in a room to be kept, by means of a stove, at a temperature of fifteen to eighteen degrees of Reaumur. The mixture must be left to remain at rest.

The back must be large enough to suffer the mass to rise seven or eight inches, without running over. If, notwithstanding this precaution, it does so, a little must be taken out, and returned when it falls a little: the back is then covered again, and the fermentation is suffered to finish without touching it---which takes place generally in five or six days. This is known by its being perceived that the liquid is quite clear, and the potatoes fallen to the bottom of the back. The fluid is decanted, and the potatoes pressed dry.

The distillation is by vapour, with a wooden or copper still, on the plan of Count Rumford. The product of the first distillation is low wines.

When the fermentation has been favourable, from every 100lb. of potatoes six quarts and upwards of good brandy, of 20 degrees of the ærometer, are obtained; which, put into new casks, and afterwards browned with burnt sugar, like the French brandies, is not to be distinguished from them.

The Countess de N. has dressed and distilled per diem 1,000lbs. of potatoes at twice, which gives 50 to 70 quarts of good brandy. We may judge from this essay what would be the advantages of such an operation, if carried on on a grand scale, and throughout the year.

The residue of the distillation is used as food for the stock of her farm, which consists of 34 horned cattle, 60 pigs, and 60 sheep; they are all excessively fond of it when mixed with water, and the cows yield abundance of milk. The sheep use about five quarts per diem each; viz. one half in the morning, and one half at night. The malt must be fresh ground---the Countess has it ground every week.

On the means of extracting Potass from Potatoe-tops.

One of the most important discoveries of the present day is that of a druggist of Amiens, by which Europe will be freed from the heavy tribute she pays to America for the article of potass. The author of this discovery has, in a truly patriotic manner, made known his discovery---after ascertaining, by a series of ex-

periments, the truth of his conclusions. The French Society of Agriculture, and the Society for Encouragement of National Industry, have both named Commissioners to frame official reports; in the mean time, we feel it important to give an account of the process, in the hope that, even in the present season, it may be turned to account---as it interests landlords, tenants, merchants, and manufacturers.

It is necessary to cut off the potatoe-tops the moment that the flowers begin to fall, as that is the period of their greatest vigour; they must be cut off at four or five inches from the ground, with a very sharp knife. Fresh sprouts spring, which not only answer all the purposes of conducting the roots to maturity, but tend to an increase of their volume, as they (the sprouts) demand less nourishment than the old top. The tops may be suffered to remain on the ground where cut; in eight or ten days they are sufficiently dry without turning and may be carted, either home or to a corner of the field, where a hole is to be dug in the earth, about five feet square, and two feet deep (the combustion would be too rapid, and the ashes cool too quick, and thereby diminish the quantity of alkali, were they burnt in the open air.) The ashes must be kept red hot as long as possible: when the fire is strong, tops that are only imperfectly dried may be thrown in, and even green ones will then burn well enough.

The ashes extracted from the hole must be put in a vessel, and boiling water poured upon it, and then the water must be evaporated: for these two operations potatoe-tops may be used alone as firing in the furnace, and the ashes collected. There remains after the evaporation a dry saline reddish substance, known in commerce under the name of *salin*: the more the ashes are boiled, the greyer and more valuable the *salin* becomes.

The *salin* must then be calcined in a very hot oven, until the whole mass presents a uniform reddish brown. In cooling it remains dry, and in fragments---bluish within, and white on the surface: in which state it takes the name of potass.

The ashes, exhausted of their alkaline principle, afford excellent manure for land intended to be planted with potatoes.

The following is a table of the results obtained in France:---

An acre planted with potatoes,	
at one foot distance, gives	40,000
These 40,000 plants yield, on an	
average, 3lb. per plant, at	
least, of green tops	120,000lb.
On drying they are reduced to	40,000lb.
This quantity produces of ashes	7,500lb.
The evaporation gives of ashes,	
exhausted of alkali	5,000lb.
Salin	2,500lb.
The salin loses 10 to 15 per cent.	
in calcination, which gives of	
potass	2,200lb.

All these estimates are taken at the lowest, by which it is evident that upwards of 2,000lb. of potass may be obtained, in addition to an increased crop, from every acre of potatoes, or a value far exceeding that of the crop itself. Farmers, of course, will next year turn this discovery to the best account, in planting those potatoes which yield the greatest quantity of tops. The expenses of preparing the potass, as above described, including every thing, is about six guineas per acre.